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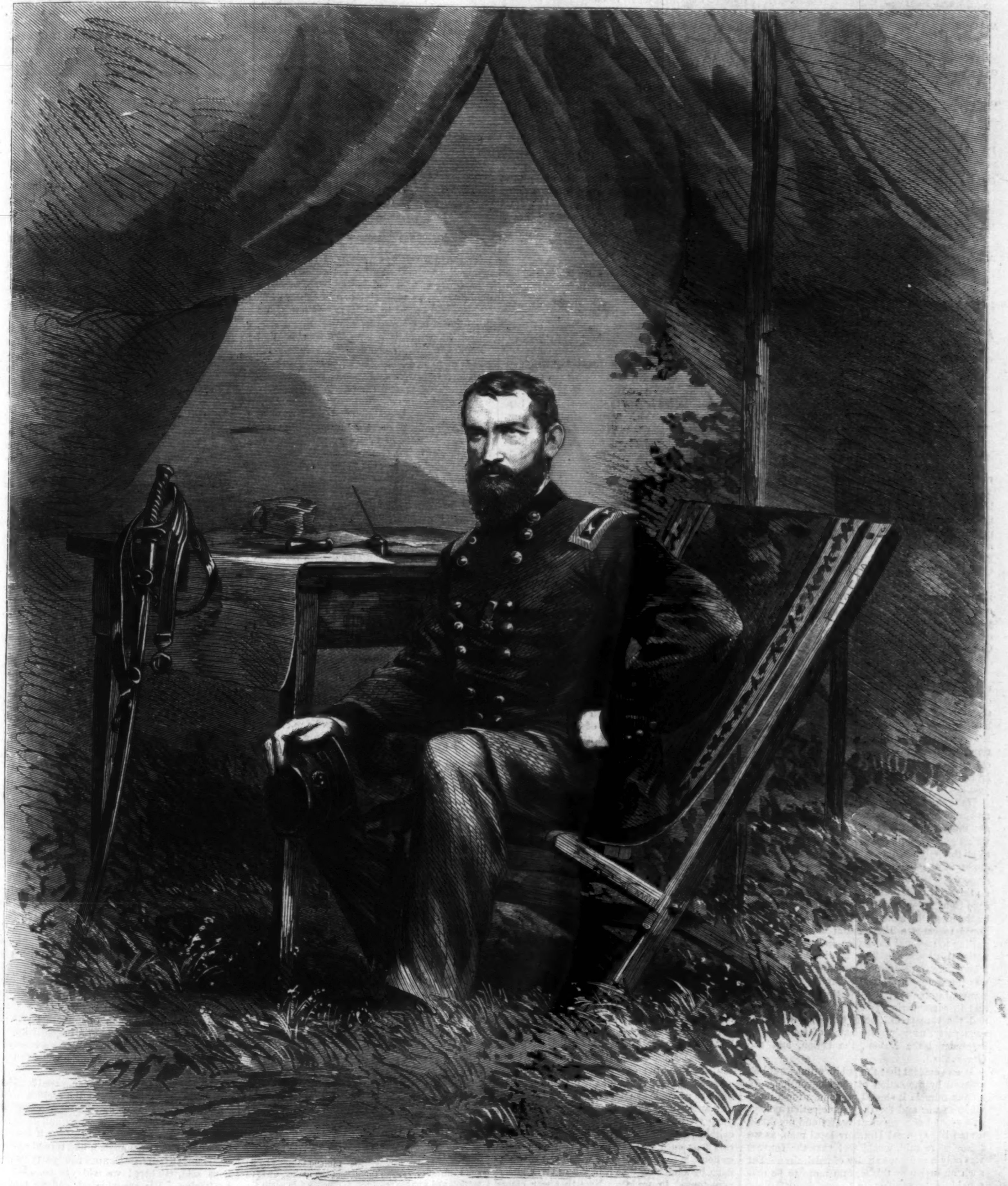


MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

Nor a sound, not a breath,
All as silent as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonet's shine;
All is tumult below—
Surging friend, surging foe;
But not a hair's-breadth moves our adamant line—
Waiting so grimly.

The battle-smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill, where we stand like a pall for the world;
And a glimpse now and then
Shows the billows of men,
In whose black boiling surge we are soon to be hurled—
Redly and dimly.

There's the word! Ready all!
See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare!
Then the other word—Ha!
We are moving! Huzza!
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare—
Rushing to glory!

Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men,
Then on, with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Ned?
No answer. He's dead!
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,
Crimson and gory!

On! on! Do not think
Of the falling, but drink
Of the mad, living cataract-torrent of war!
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!
Catch the Captain—he's hit! 'Tis a scratch—nothing more!
Forward forever!

Huzza! Here's the trench!
In and out of it! Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of Fame!
Charge! charge! with a yell,
Like the shriek of a shell—
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame!
Back again? Never!

The rampart! 'Tis crossed—
It is ours! It is lost!
No—another dash now and the glacis is won!
Huzza! What a dust!
Hew them down! Cut and thrust!
A T-i-g-a-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—
Victory! victory!

There's a lull in the fight.
In the glad morning light,
I stand on the works, looking back there, with pain,
Where the death-dew of war
Stains the daisy's white star,
And God's broken images scatter the plain.
Hush!, Do not speak to me!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 8, 1864.

UNION ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

THE divisions in the Union ranks are, as we have been always sure they would be, healed. Mr. Fremont has withdrawn his name from the canvass in a letter far from magnanimous. Mr. Cochrane has taken strong ground against the Chicago principles and candidates. But much more important is the fact that Mr. Chase, Mr. Wade, and Mr. Winter Davis have waived their differences with the Administration upon certain points of policy, and recognizing that there are, and can be, but two parties in this contest, are devoting themselves earnestly to the triumph of the Union and the Government as represented by Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

This frank and hearty union for the sake of union is but one of the innumerable auguries of success which are every where revealing themselves. The doubt of a few weeks since has entirely disappeared. The uncertainty has been utterly dissipated by the Chicago Convention and its candidates—one of whom is an honest and confessed secessionist, while the other looks for his support to the party which either justifies or excuses the rebellion.

Until the Chicago party made their platform and nominations there was a chance, although not much hope, that they might take the path which any truly great leader would have seen to be the only possible way to success; and the doubt in the public mind a few weeks since arose from the uncertainty whether they would do this. If Douglas had been living the Chicago Convention would not have been managed by the men who controlled it, nor would it have hoped to carry a Presidential election by appealing to national cowardice and relying upon national disgrace. The nomination of Mr. Pendleton, an extreme State-Sovereignty man, was the victory of John C. Calhoun over Andrew Jackson, of Nullification over Union; and in surrendering to the ghost of Calhoun and the threats of South Carolina, the Chicago party, usurping the name of Democracy, surrendered the Nation, the Union, and the Government.

It was evident that the public mind would be relieved by the action of the Convention. If by any miracle it should pronounce for a more vigorous war and for the emancipation policy, as a ground of permanent peace, and nominate a man like General Dix, any loyal man, as we have before said, would feel that the canvass was only a generous rivalry of patriotism. Yet such an action as this was no more to be reasonably expected from a Convention officered and managed as the Chicago assembly was sure to be—and as it was—than fidelity to the Union was to be expected in Davis or Toombs. Still there were many who loved the Democratic name, and who hoped against hope. But when the Chicago party met, declared their principles, and nominated their candidates, the situation was so plain, the consequences of their success so palpable, that no man who did not believe Davis to be in the right could possibly support the Chicago action. It was at once evident that all old Democrats who valued the Government more than party must vote for the candidates who represented the unconditional maintenance of the Government; while all old Republicans, however they might differ upon points of policy with the President, could not fail to see that either he must be re-elected or the Government would be overthrown.

It is not surprising, therefore, that M'Clellan's and Pendleton's chances have been decreasing ever since they were nominated. The case is too plain. Nobody denies that there are men at the North who wish well to the rebellion—men who, with Mr. Pendleton, deny the right of the Government to enforce the laws—men who would willingly raise a counter-revolution to secure the success of Davis and his confederates—and nobody denies that all such persons are ardent supporters of M'Clellan and Pendleton. But the mass of the American people do *not* wish well to the rebellion—they *do* believe that the Government has the right and the power to maintain itself, and they do *not* desire a counter-revolution to help Davis. And as they are now shut up to a choice between Lincoln and Johnson and M'Clellan and Pendleton, seeing in the two first-named men whom the rebellion and all its apologists bitterly hate, and in the last two men whom the friends of the rebellion ardently support, they are in doubt no longer, and are as sure of victory as Sheridan was when he attacked Early.

CANT.

General Sherman is as terrible a fighter with the pen as with the sword; and it is an instructive commentary upon our progress in the art of war to compare his letter to the Mayor of Atlanta with that of the other General Sherman at Port Royal in the beginning of the struggle.

The rebel Generals have canted throughout the conflict as lustily as the Northern Copperheads. From Beauregard's "Booty and Beauty" proclamation before the first Bull Run battle, down to Hood's charge of "studied and ungenerous cruelty," there has been a steady stream of cant from the mouths of the rebel civil chiefs and military leaders, as well as from all their friends at the North and in Europe.

The war has been described as "fratricidal," "sanguinary," "inhuman," "terrible." Of course it is. All war is. And how fearful, therefore, is their responsibility who begin it. The Copperhead orators and papers are very fond of this strain. If Sheridan wins a victory, or Sherman, or Farragut, or Grant, these people fall to shedding tears and bemoaning the families made wretched. Tears enough must indeed be shed, hearts broken, and homes desolated so long as the war lasts. Why, then, do not these canting Mawworms entreat their friends the public enemies to lay down their arms and give us peace? If the Copperhead heart is so wrung with the misery of wounded soldiers and wretched families, let it urge the deluded men who are resisting the Government which never harmed them to submit to the laws which they themselves helped to make.

When the haughty leaders of the rebels threatened the country before the attack on Sumter, when they declared that if they could not have their own way they would overthrow the Government and dissolve the Union, why did not these plaintive Copperheads hiss them down, and recount to them the horrors of the war which they were provoking? Instead of that they told the friends of the Union and the Constitution that if they did not submit to the menaces of those leaders, they, the loyal men, would be responsible for the bloodshed! That is to say, if you awake and find a ruffian with his hand at your wife's throat, *you* are guilty, if in the struggle she is hurt.

That is the contemptible cant which crops out in the Chicago platform, and in all the harangues and papers of the Chicago party. The war is shocking, they say, and ought to stop. Certainly it ought, and when those who began it choose to stop fighting it will end. Meanwhile the American people will fight them—spelling fight as Sheridan is reported to spell it, "f-i-g-h-t, kill"—until they do choose to stop.

General Sherman says to the Mayor of Atlanta what every true heart in the land confirms and approves: "War is cruelty and you can not refine it: and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out......You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride......Now that war comes home to you you feel very different—you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the Government of their inheritance ......I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success."

So in his reply to Hood's canting talk about "cruelty" General Sherman says: "Talk thus to the marines but not to me, who have seen these things......If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity."

Fighting is bad enough under any circumstances, but canting is a great deal worse.

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

Mr. James Guthrie, one of the makers of the Chicago platform, asks, in a late speech in Indiana, "Who dares say that we shall not have peace upon the basis of the integrity of the Federal Union?"

Mr. George H. Pendleton, who, with General George B. M'Clellan, stands upon Mr. Guthrie's platform, and for whom, as Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Guthrie intends to vote, is the man who dares to say it. Mr. Pendleton says frankly: "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

That is peace upon the basis of the dissolution of the Union. Mr. Guthrie is answered by his own candidate.

NO ESCAPE.

There are some supporters of the Chicago nominations who say that it is unfair to charge them with practical disunionism. They declare that they are as good Union men as are to be found. They point to M'Clellan's letter, and insist that it is a Union letter.

But these gentlemen will remember that Breckinridge called himself very loudly "a Union man" in 1860. His supporters were indignant if they were charged with want of fidelity to the Union; and they declared that they were, in fact, the only National party.

So to claim to be a Union man is not enough. And if any voter sincerely believes that the Union ought to be and can be maintained, and the authority of the Government re-established over the whole country, and that the war should be prosecuted until that result is achieved, how can he conscientiously support a nomination which, to say the least, is only half-way for the Union? Suppose General M'Clellan could be separated from his supporters, and their leaders, and their platform, and their policy—which comprise all the disunion elements in the country—how can he be torn from his companion upon the ticket? Mr. Robert C. Winthrop kicks over the platform—does he also kick over one of the candidates upon it? He knows, and every body knows, that M'Clellan can not be voted for without Pendleton. If M'Clellan should be elected and die—as Presidents Harrison and Taylor did—then Mr. Pendleton becomes President, and he will have been made so by the votes of Mr. Wood, Mr. Winthrop, Captain Rynders, and their friends. The President of the United States would then be a disunionist. But if Mr. Lincoln be re-elected, and by his decease Mr. Andrew Johnson should become President, there would be as true and tried a Union man in the chair as if the President had lived.

How can any honorable Union man justify his course in taking such a risk as that of elevating Mr. Pendleton to the Presidency? There is only one way, and that is by saying, "Oh! well, General M'Clellan isn't going to die." Possibly; but still even he *may* be mortal; and if it should turn out that he was, how could any sincere Unionist ever excuse himself to his own heart for helping elect a President who believes that Jefferson Davis is perfectly right? Let Union men, whatever their personal preferences may be, ponder the following extracts, and remember that, if they vote at all, *they must vote for one or the other of the speakers.*

In the Congress of 1860-'61 Mr. Pendleton was a representative from Ohio, and Mr. Johnson a Senator from Tennessee. When the secession movement began Mr. Pendleton in an elaborate speech said:

> "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace; let them establish their government and empire, and work out their destiny according to the wisdom which God has given them."

Mr. Pendleton is, in fact, a disunionist of the extremest Calhoun school, and holds exactly the same views now as then. In the same session Andrew Johnson said:

> "I will not give up this Government that is now called an experiment, which some are prepared to abandon for a constitutional monarchy. No. I intend to stand by it; and I entreat every man throughout the nation, who is a patriot, and who has seen, and is compelled to admit the success of this great experiment, to come forward not in heat, not in fanaticism, not in haste, not in precipitancy, but in deliberation, in full view of all that is before us, in the spirit of brotherly love and fraternal affection, and rally around the altar of our common country, and lay the Constitution upon it as our last libation, and swear by our God and all that is sacred and holy, that the Constitution shall be saved and the Union preserved."

Which of these two men—however blameless the character of each may be—would every true Union man wish to see President of the United States?

TO YOUR KNEES, YANKEES!

The Richmond *Dispatch*, stung to fury by Early's defeat, cries out:

> "The Yankees are the most mercenary of God's creatures. If the ministry of our Saviour had been among *them* instead of the Jews, instead of lasting three years it would not have lasted three days. Some Yankee Judas would have sold him in less than half that time. And yet the Yankee loves his life better even than his interest; and when the universal nation finds that nothing but death is to be gotten by coming here, they will conclude that it does not pay, and will give it up. The best road to peace lies through the blood of the Yankees. The more we kill, the nearer we approach to peace."

This is precisely the view which the Pendleton-M'Clellan Convention takes of the American people; and it proposes to those people to justify the view by surrendering their Government to such armed enemies. If they really were what the rebel paper says and the Chicago party believes, they would submit at once. But as they are not, they will say, "No, thank you," at the ballot-box on the 8th of November, as forcibly as Sheridan, Sherman, Farragut, and Grant say it from their shotted guns.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

It is in vain that General M'Clellan, in stepping upon the Chicago Platform and placing himself by the side of Mr. Pendleton, says: "The Union at all hazards."

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of all who repudiate the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the fellow-candidate of Mr. Pendleton, who lately thanked God that he "had never voted or given a dollar in support of the war, or in payment of abolition soldiers?"

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of a Convention which declares the war a failure, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and asks for a Convention to surrender the authority of the Government?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why has he accepted the Chicago nomination without a word of protest against its assumption that the war is a failure, and without a syllable of dissent from its base proposition to surrender the Government by treating with rebels and offering conditions of obedience to the laws?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he supported by every advocate of State rights against the sovereignty of the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does Horatio Seymour support him, who says that if the Union can not be maintained without emancipation, the Union must go that Slavery may be saved?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why did the rebel Senator Semmes lately say at Jackson, "*Our* (the rebel) hopes for an early peace are dependent entirely on the success of the Democratic party at the North in the approaching Presidential election?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why do the rebel-disunion papers declare that "the influence of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing our minority vote in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of M'Clellan?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does the news of Union victories decrease his chances of election?

A PLAIN TRUTH.

The great light which has been shining in the Shenandoah Valley has illuminated the political situation so that it is impossible to misunderstand it. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "every defeat of Lincoln's forces inures to the advantage of M'Clellan." The Charleston *Courier* says that the victory of the rebels "insures the success of M'Clellan; their failure insures his defeat." Have not the Shenandoah victories illustrated the strict truth of these remarks? Have not the political friends and opponents of the Chicago candidate been equally aware that events were confirming the indignant protest of the national heart against the cowardly declaration that the war is a failure, and that we must hasten to implore terms of our victors? Have they not all equally known that the glad bulletins of Sheridan's successes came like tidings of defeat to the Chicago doctrines and their candidates?

Are the American people conquered? That is the question which the election decides. The friends of M'Clellan and Pendleton declare that they are; those of Lincoln and Johnson insist that they are not. Therefore, if the tide of battle in the Shenandoah had turned against us, the M'Clellan-Pendleton party would have said, "There! we told you so. It's no use trying. We are whipped, and we may as well own it at the polls as we did at Chicago." If to-morrow news should come that Sherman had been driven from Atlanta and Grant from

Petersburg, the same party would exult in the rebel triumph, and see in the national humiliation and disgrace the grounds of hope for their candidates. On the other hand, if Richmond should fall before November, would there be much doubt of the election of the Union candidates?

Facts like these tell the whole story. The cause and the candidates which are helped by the victories of Grant and Sheridan, of Sherman and Farragut, are the cause and candidates of the country. But the party whose prospects improve with the defeat of American soldiers and sailors is not the party that any loyal American heart supports.

TWO WAYS OF HEARING GOOD NEWS.

In the midst of a heroic and successful war to maintain the Government against traitors in arms a Major-General of the United States army accepts the nomination for the Presidency, offered him by a Convention in which every enemy of that Government was represented, and the leaders of which were fresh from interviews with foreign agents and rebel emissaries in Canada. This Major-General accepts the nomination of a Convention which, on the eve of the fall of Atlanta, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and just as Sheridan in the Shenandoah lifts his hand to strike declares the war to be a failure. The Major-General accepts, and has not a word of censure for such craven and un-American sentiments as these, but has plenty to say of conciliation and statesmanship.

Yet on the very day when the electrified land thrilled with the glad tidings from Sheridan, when every loyal heart was devoutly thanking God for victory, and overflowing in gratitude to the brave soldiers who had given it to us, this Major-General is called upon by a number of his fellow-citizens. There is scarcely a civilian in the land whose joy in the victory would not have leaped from his lips in exulting strains; but this Major-General, who had been formerly very fond of speaking of "my own army," and of "sharing the fate" of his soldiers, *did not utter a solitary word of sympathy or admiration of the army of the Shenandoah, and did not make the least allusion to the great victory.*

Why did he not? Because the crowd were his political supporters, and he knew that such news was not welcome to them.

But there was another General that heard the news, and he—Lieutenant-General Grant—sent his hearty congratulations to Sheridan and his men, and ordered a salute of a hundred shotted guns to be fired against the enemy's lines in honor of the Shenandoah victory.

And there was another crowd that heard the same news. It was the army before Petersburg. And they hailed the tidings from their comrades with such jubilant shouts that they were heard in Petersburg, and conveyed to the rebels the first news of their defeat.

Which was the Union crowd? Which means the Union at all hazards?

FROM PETERSBURG.

It is pleasant to know that our paper goes to the army, and that its sentiments are approved at the front. We can not be far wrong if the men who are periling their lives for the cause send us back a cheer. We receive many letters of recognition, which have always a hearty welcome if we can not find room to print them. But here is one which is sure to interest our readers. It is from a cavalry private:

"Near Petersburg, Va., *September*, 1864.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

'Sir,—I am a soldier this last three years, and intend to be during the war. I read your paper, and as a soldier I sincerely thank you for the manly, patriotic tone it bears.

"During the last two months I stood picket every alternate day within 400 yards of the rebels, and have very frequently exchanged your *Weekly* for the Richmond journals. During that time I have read at least two every day of their papers, and am conversant with their views of the war and of peace. During the same time I have conversed with at least 100 of their men representing different States, while we met between the lines. As a whole, they place little reliance on their own journals, and look to ours for the news, and, I must here say, sympathy. They have told me that they do not expect to whip us themselves, but expect their friends the Copperheads—*i. e.*, Democrats—to decide the contest in their favor at the right moment. I expect they mean next election.

"The Virginians are by far our strongest opponents. They rule the Confederacy; their Generals lead the armies. They are the men we want to catch. They think they are able to whip the whole North alone. Their State has been completely devastated by our armies, and in consequence they have lost every thing, so they are very defiant.

"North Carolina is a Conservative, lukewarm State, and wishes they were out of the war.

"South Carolinians are appalled at our resources, and think it is all up with them; still, as they were first in, they can't very well back out. If Atlanta and Mobile are taken the Georgians will not have much to say any way. Alabama ditto. Mississippi same. Now what is left that is formidable? Nothing but Lee and his army.

"We soldiers are for no peace while a rebel lives. No compromise, no armistice; but we are for subjugation, confiscation, emancipation, and annihilation.

"The blood of the best of our land calls for this. Their children must and shall have a home in the land of their slayers.

"I shall cast my first vote this election, and it will be for an honest man, Abe Lincoln.

"The Chicago nominee, whoever he will be, will be either a traitor or will be governed by traitors.

"If Seymour is a Democrat so is Jeff Davis; so were all the Southern statesmen; so are all the rebel Generals; so was the man who shot my best friend. A Copperhead would say Andrew Jackson was a Democrat; but Andrew was down on all seceders or rebels of any name; and if he was President he would have put the Governor of the mighty State of New York in Fort Lafayette, not so bad a place, Messrs. Chicago Conventionists, as Belle Isle with crows picking at you.

"I shan't say much of M'Clellan. The rebels think too much of him for me.

"We will vote for old Abe, and we are in earnest. If you were here at this moment and heard the shells bursting over us you would think so too.

"Persevere, Mr. Editor. You will win, and we will. Then we will have a meeting—a peace meeting."

CAMPAIGN PICTURES.

We are glad to know that the pictures published in the *Weekly* are felt to be helpers in the good cause. From among the letters from all parts of the country approving them, we select this hearty one from a Captain in the Michigan Cavalry:

"Mr. Editor,—Allow me to suggest that those two excellent designs of Mr. Nast—'Compromise with the South,' and 'Blessings of Victory'—published in your *Weekly*, be offered to the public on durable paper, that they may be framed and hung up in every hotel, railroad dépôt, and other places of general resort throughout the North, as being the most truthful and powerful explanations of the issues to be settled by our armies and by the November election.

"I am here recovering from a wound received before Atlanta, and when I return to my regiment I shall carry with me those pictures to show to my boys, though your truly loyal and superior paper circulates so generally in the army that they may see them before my return; but I shall make sure of it."

FROM ATLANTA.

A letter from an officer in Sherman's army shows how firmly fixed its heart is upon unconditional surrender, and how it despises the peace that is to be bought by national dishonor and cowardice:

"Atlanta, Georgia, *September* 14, 1864.

"Thanks for the picture in *Harper's Weekly* in honor of the nameless heroes dead. It only remains now to give us one commemorative of the living heroes laying down their arms, and humbly suing pardon of Jeff Davis and his cohorts for the pain and grief caused them by our most unjustifiable and uncalled-for invasion of their 'rights.' Can't we have it?

"Let the long procession begin with the President of the United States reading backward all his declarations in favor of the Union, all his warnings to the insurgents, all his words of hope and encouragement to the enslaved, every good and true sentiment which he has spoken as the head of a great nation. Let the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies recross and erase all the lines of battle on which he has fought it out thus far, and return a dishonored waster of human life to his little place at Galena. Let Sherman, and Thomas, and Farragut, and all the rest lay down their swords, tear off their coats of blue, and their badges of rank, and, clad in dingy butternut or dirty gray, receive at the hands of the triumphant arch-conspirator new commissions of a rank befitting those who have spent profitless years in an unholy war, and accept service under the orders of those chivalric men who have striven with superhuman energy to build up a black despotism on the ruins of the republic. Let the long procession close with the countless multitudes of those brave men who have risked all the storms and dangers of the battle-field, returning cowed and despairing, and ragged and unpaid, to their homes—scarce home any more—their banners dragged in the dust, the scorn and derision of the cowards and knaves who had enriched themselves by the peace which these soldiers had kept at the North by forming the living wall against the desolation of hostile armies.

"I can not but think that it is to just such an entertainment as this that our Chicago friends, if they succeed, have invited us. The Dunciad doesn't contain a sadder picture. Really that which has wakened the most anxiety in our minds in the latter days of this campaign, now so happily ended, has not been the enemy in our front but that in our rear. It was not so much the bullets of Hood's army which gave us apprehension as the feeling that while we were all trying, so many, too, at the sacrifice of life itself, to save the nation, even to the extremity of new-creating it, if so be we must, so large a number, that they boasted themselves a majority of people belonging to the nation of which we too are a part, should be doing all they could to alienate that nation from us. I wonder if these men really knew what they were doing? Is it possible that they want, now in the hour of our approaching triumph, to turn their backs on this glorious history, and treat us as if we did not exist?

"This army is a unit, and means that the nation shall be also. For the utterances at Chicago, so full of discord, and lacking every thing in which any true American can take pride, it has nothing but contempt. I do not know but we shall yet be called upon to give the greatest proof yet of the devotion of the army to the Union in again and again risking the lives of these brave men on the battle-field to save to these demented people the blessings which they spurn from them. I thought, at the outbreak of the war, that we should only have to do that for our Southern enemies; and now I begin to think we must do it for the North likewise. Pray do not let any thing like apathy, or indifference, or failure to say and do the right thing, lose us the great object of all our struggles, and so imperil the future of the country and of humanity."

WESTERN ILLINOIS SANITARY FAIR.

While the army and navy are pressing on in front, the soldiers and sailors are remembered at home. The Sanitary Fairs, which have already carried so much consolation and assistance to the field, are not yet at an end—nor, we hope, will they be while one soldier is exposed to wounds and sickness and danger. The *Western Illinois Sanitary Fair* will open on the 11th of October, at Quincy, Illinois, and appeals now to the sympathy and aid of all the generous and patriotic hearts in the land. Illinois has contributed nearly 200,000 men to the army and navy, and, as the circular truly says:

"From Belmont to Mission Ridge, throughout the long list of battles and victories which have immortalized the career of that Great Captain whom our State has furnished to the chief command of the Army; from Resaca to Atlanta, along the route of the great Georgia campaign, which stands unrivaled in all the chronicles of war, and in the remoter conflicts in Virginia and the States along the coast, the soldiers of Illinois have ever been among the first to hurl back the legions of the enemy and secure victory to our arms."

Illinois soldiers stand by the Union; let the Union stand by the Illinois soldiers. The address of the General Agent, to whom contributions may be sent, is Colonel James T. Tucker, office of Miner's Central Railroad, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

In speaking, a few weeks since, of General Seymour's admirable letter after his return from Charleston, we implied that his sympathies had been rather with "the South" than against it. We have received a letter from a friend of the General's, dated "In the field, near Petersburg," for which we can not find room entirely, but most gladly insert what we can:

"Editor of 'Harper's Weekly,'—You unintentionally do injustice to General Seymour in your last editorial. You say, after referring to his capture and imprisonment, 'and could not be suspected of any peculiar prejudice against the rebels, for he had no political sympathies against them.' How is this? General Seymour has the same prejudices, if you call them such, against the rebels that all high-minded, chivalrous soldiers of the Union have, and he certainly never has had any political sympathies with them. Great injustice has been done to General Seymour in accusing him of pro-slaveryism, and all that sort of thing. Because he bears the same name with a couple of public men whose loyalty, to say the least, is of a very mild type, he has been supposed to be of the same politics, and one journal at least has asserted that he is their cousin. General Seymour's father is a venerable Methodist clergyman, of the Troy Conference, and the General has never been recreant to the anti-slavery principles taught him in his boyhood.

"True it is that, in common with most West Point officers, he has not believed that officers of the regular army should be politicians, at least violent partisans; but never has he uttered a word to indicate sympathy with the cause of the South. When in Charleston, before the rebellion (he had spent seven years there altogether), they used to call him an Abolitionist—or at least some did.

"It is true that he is opposed to the idea that an officer should secure promotion merely by his political opinions, believing that merit as a soldier should be the sole ground......

"I know what efforts he made to arouse the Government in 1860, foreseeing, as he did, that the rebels meant fight. He foresaw the war long before, and refused the Presidency of the North Carolina Military Institute to which he had been elected, chiefly on that account. He *comprehended* the war at the very beginning. The day after he arrived from Fort Sumter he said that the President should at once call out 500,000 men, for we were going to have a great war......

"His letter has struck a chord responsive in every loyal heart in the army. We are neither going to submit to peace-men at home nor yield to Southern rebels. We intend to fight it out, and compel all rebels every where to obey the laws of the land.

"We shall vote for Mr. Lincoln—not because we care a fig about him personally, and some things in his administration we especially dislike—his large assortment of political Brigadier and Major Generals, for instance—but because we believe he is necessary to the Union. To lay him aside would be to ignominiously give up the contest. We find fault with him because, while we have been shedding our blood in defending the country against traitors, he has allowed men at home to talk treason and publish it, and hinder the draft and discourage enlistments, and encourage the rebels to continued resistance. But we are not on this account going to throw ourselves into the arms of those who take traitors into their counsels, and honor them and adopt their speeches as their party platform. God forbid that we should so stultify ourselves! God forbid that we should so dishonor the memories of the illustrious dead, whose blood poured out here has made the soil sacred indeed—consecrated it to liberty and law forever!"

Our correspondent speaks warmly of the injustice which he believes has been done to General Seymour by not promoting him. We hope sincerely that his merit may be properly recognized; but meanwhile we can assure his friend who writes us that the General has promoted himself to the honorable admiration and respect of every loyal American.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

We learn from the circular of Messrs. Fisk and Hatch, bankers in New York, that this patriotic loan, of which we have already spoken at length, is being rapidly taken. Its advantages are briefly that it pays a certain rate of interest, unaffected by the fluctuations in gold and larger than upon ordinary investments; it is convertible in three years into bonds precisely like the Five-Twenties now in such immense demand; it directly aids the Government, and consequently enhances the value of all Government securities. There can be no investment safer or more promising. The notes are issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, $5000.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Sheridan's important victories in the Shenandoah Valley have very much simplified General Grant's combinations for the defeat of General Lee's army and the capture of the rebel capital. The campaign in the West had hardly been sealed with victory before the roar of Sheridan's cannon was heard in Early's rear. The first step taken by General Grant, in the execution of his grand campaign last May, was an attempt to put his army between Lee and Richmond. In this he failed of success. He then attempted to take Petersburg by assault, and thus cut Lee off from his Southern communications. In this also he failed. He then placed his left wing firmly on the Weldon Railroad. This was the first decisive success of the Virginia campaign. In order to appreciate the position of the two armies after the occupation of the Weldon Road we need to glance at the other communications which connect Lee's army with the Confederacy. Of the four railroads which enter Richmond, two, viz., the Fredericksburg and the York River railroads, are of no account; they drain a country already exhausted. But the Gordonsville Road, connecting Richmond with the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, was of great importance. But it was not of sufficient importance to justify Lee in keeping a strong force in the Valley. It was, indeed, a part of Early's mission to guard this communication; but a more important part of that mission was to cover the approach to Lynchburg. It was evident to Lee that one of the first things which Grant would attempt would be an advance on Lynchburg, and the same army would, in its advance, also completely destroy the Gordonsville Road. After the occupation of the Weldon Road the safety of Lynchburg became absolutely essential to the maintenance by Lee of any defensive position in Virginia. For Lynchburg was then the key to all the communications left to the rebel army. Once captured by the Federal forces and made a military station, it could be held by a small army, and made the centre of a new system of operations on the west side of Richmond. The investment of the rebel capital would then be as complete as was that of Atlanta when Sherman transferred his army to a position on the Macon Road. There would then be but a single alternative to the evacuation of Richmond, and consequently of Virginia, viz., a pitched battle. To await the result of a siege would be fatal to Lee's army. To defend Lynchburg, then, is to defend Richmond.

Sheridan's victories, therefore, occurring at just this time, simplify the system of operations against the Virginia rebels.

These victories have put out of combat more than one-half of Early's command, and have demoralized and paralyzed the other half. If Early is not heavily reinforced Lynchburg will certainly be captured. But to reinforce Early is to weaken Lee's own army. He may, indeed, succeed in saving Lynchburg, but it will take so many men to effect this that it will be at the risk of losing Richmond. An army on the defensive, strongly fortified, and holding an interior position, has great advantages; but in addition it must have strength of numbers when it becomes necessary to resist approaches made from so many points and at such distances from each other. Richmond and Petersburg are over twenty miles apart. The line confronting Grant from Deep Bottom to a point west of the Weldon Road is over twenty miles long. Grant threatens Richmond from the north side of the James, and takes the Weldon Road. Lee's army, weak in numbers as compared with Grant's, dissipates its strength and weakens its advantage of position by these long lines of defense. There can be no doubt, in view of all these considerations, that the crisis of the war in Virginia is now come, and is indeed already nearly past.

FISHER'S HILL.

After driving Early's columns through Winchester, September 19, Sheridan continued the pursuit. Three miles beyond Strasburg, at Fisher's Hill, Early made a stand, and on Thursday, the 22d, was attacked by Sheridan. At half past 3 o'clock Crook's command attacked the rebel left, throwing one of his divisions in their rear. At the same time the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps attacked in front. Crook's magnificent charge threw the enemy's left wing into disorder, and the position, which was considered almost impregnable, was abandoned together with twenty guns. Between one and two thousand prisoners were taken. The routed army pushed on down the Valley, the road behind them strewn with caissons, small-arms, haversacks, and every other impediment to flight. Our loss was estimated at less than a thousand men. Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which Early had detached to guard his communications, came up in time to take part in the battle, but too late to be of any use. On Friday morning, the 23d, Sheridan had reached Woodstock, having pursued the enemy all night.

Early was driven beyond Jackson Mountain without further resistance, and on Saturday night Sheridan had reached a point six miles south of New Market.

GOVERNOR BROWN'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation by Governor Brown, of Georgia, tells its own story:

Milledgeville, *Sept.* 10, 1864.

General J. B. Hood, Commanding Army of Tennessee:

General,—As the militia of the State were called out for the defense of Atlanta during the campaign against it which has terminated by the fall of the city into the hands of the enemy, and as many of them left their homes without preparation, expecting to be gone but a few weeks, who have remained in service over three months (most of the time in the trenches), justice requires that they be permitted, while the enemy are preparing for the winter campaign, to return to their homes and look, for a time, after important interests, and prepare themselves for such service as may be required when another campaign commences against other important points in the State. I therefore hereby withdraw said organization from your command, in the hope that I shall be able to return it, with greater numbers and equal efficiency, when the interests of the public service requires it. In this connection, I beg leave to tender to you, General, my sincere thanks for your impartiality to the State troops, and for your uniform courtesy and kindness to me individually. With assurances of my high consideration and esteem,

I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,

Joseph E. Brown.

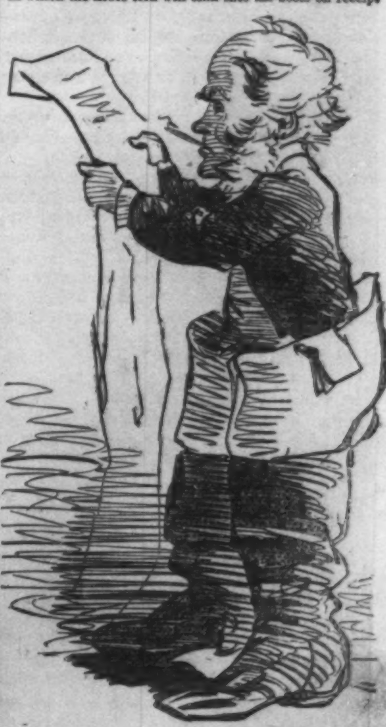
RETIREMENT OF FREMONT AND COCHRANE.

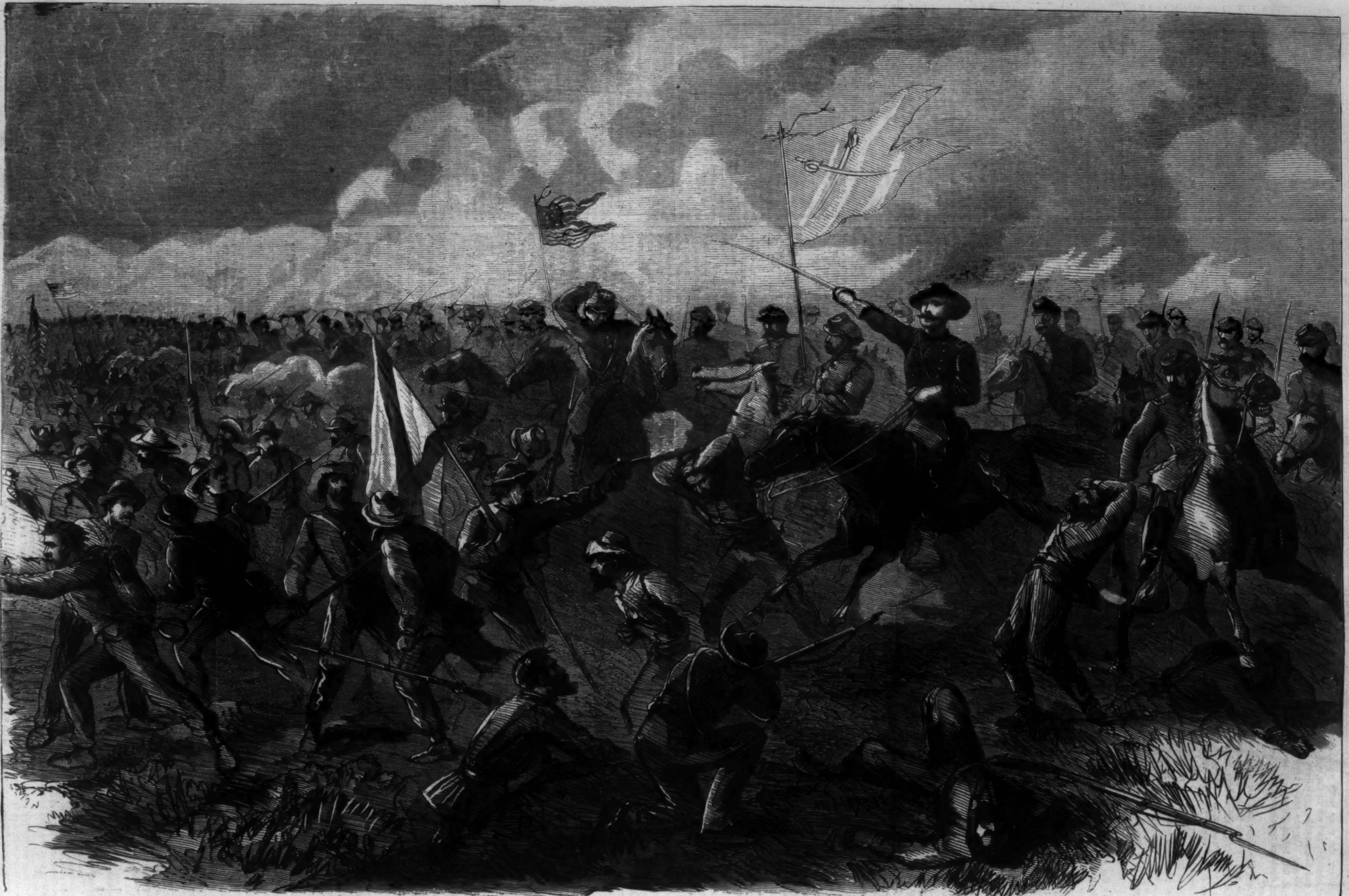
September 22 General Fremont, in a letter to Messrs. George L. Stearns and others, publicly withdrew his name from the political contest for the sake of securing harmony in the Union party. The day before Cochrane had adopted a similar course. It will be remembered that Fremont and Cochrane were the nominees of the Cleveland Convention for President and Vice-President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

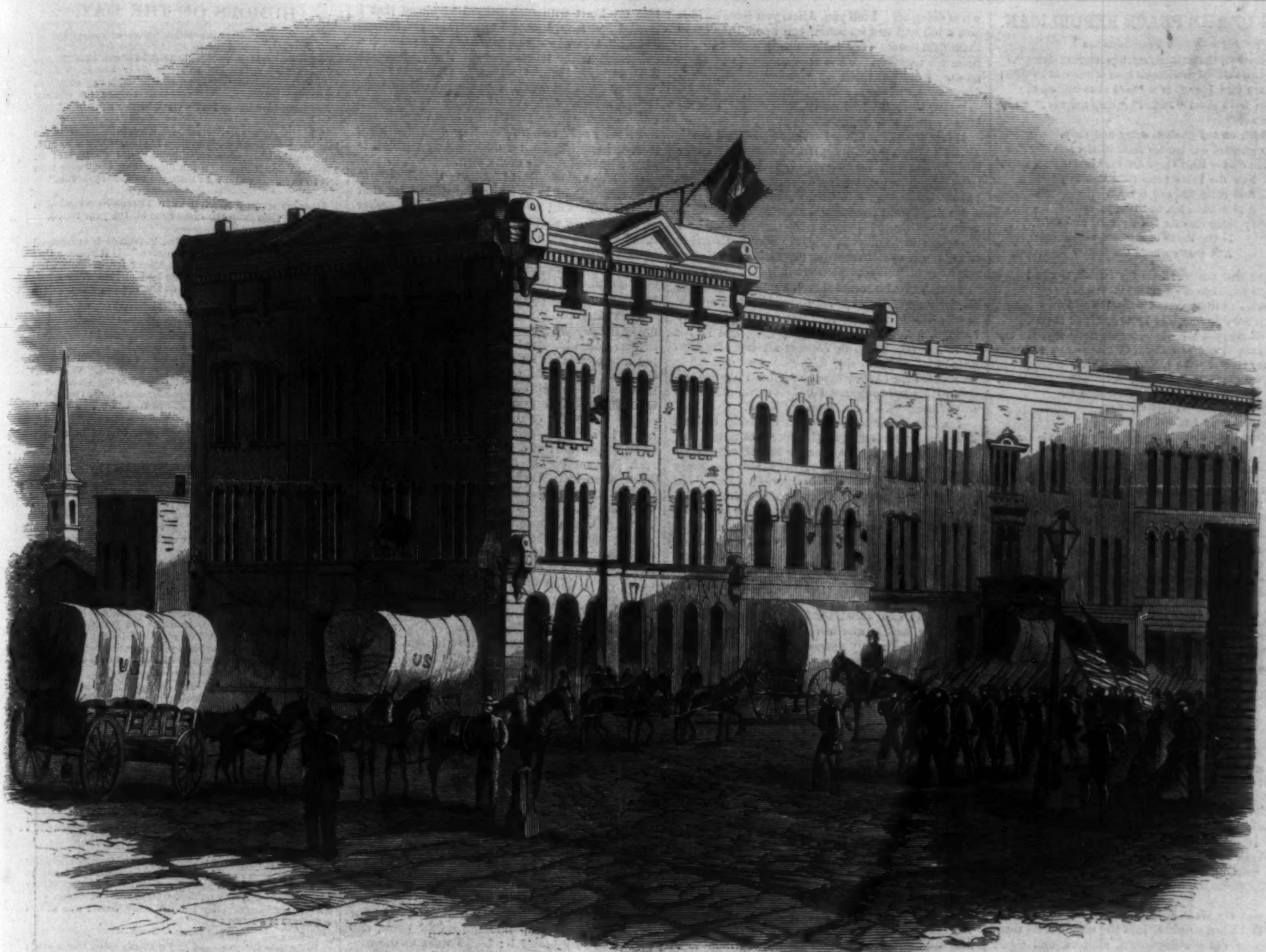
NEWS FOR LORD PAM.

Lord Palmerston, in his attitude toward the Southern Independence Association and the numerous abettors of secession in England, although he has steadfastly resisted the policy of recognizing the Confederacy, has yet invariably expressed the hope that the time would yet come for the adoption of that policy. This hope was expressed in very sanguine terms in a speech lately delivered at Tiverton. The following illustration represents the manner in which the noble lord will sink into his boots on receipt of the news of Sherman's, Farragut's, and Sheridan's victories, which will doubtless convince the honorable gentleman that not only has his time not yet come, but that it is long gone by.

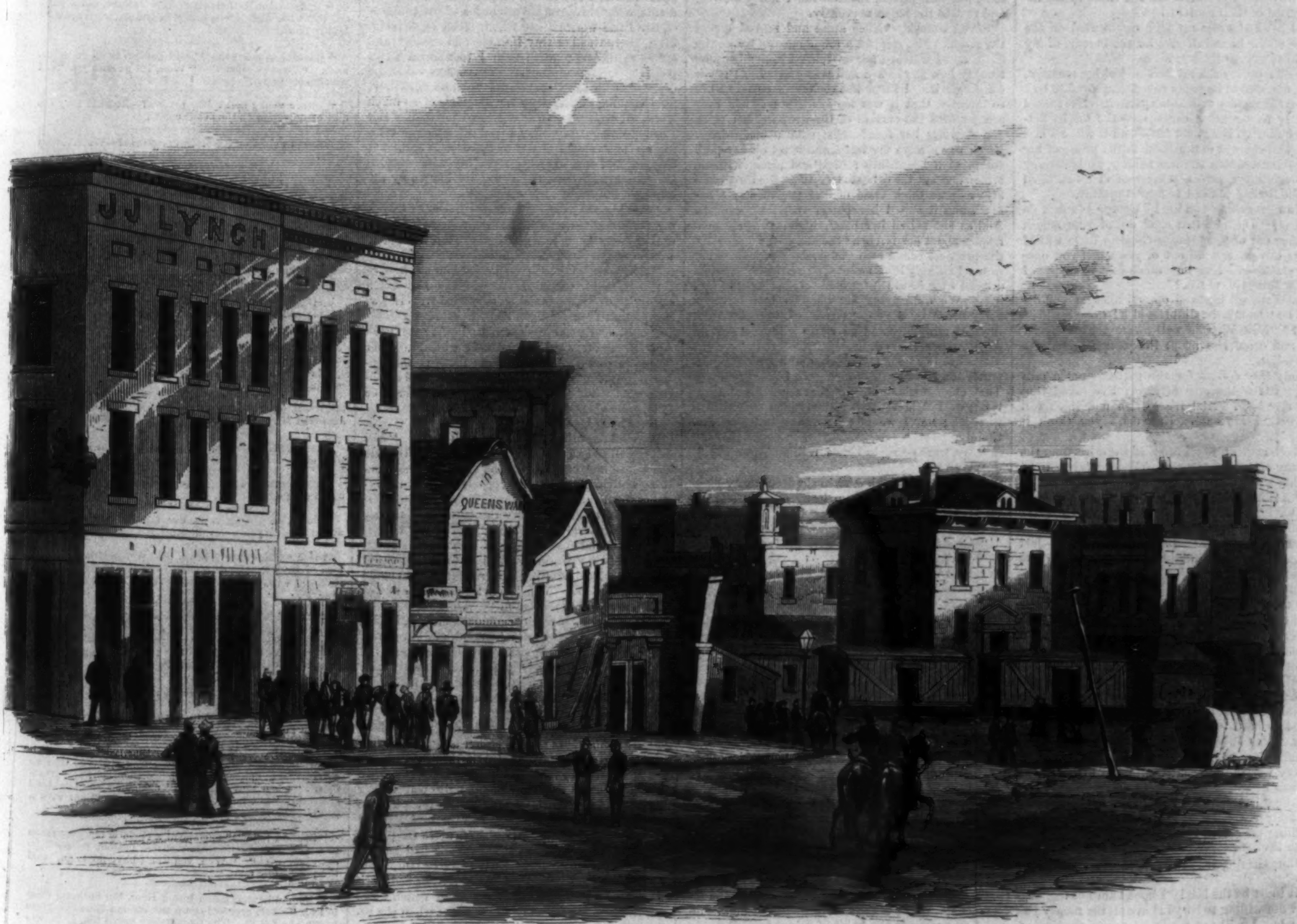




THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, September 19, 1864.—[See Page 653.]



WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See Page 653.]


J J LYNCH
QUEENSWA

WHITEHALL STREET (LOOKING EASTWARD), ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See Page 653.]

SONG OF THE PEACE REPUBLICAN.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Of the deepest, the darkest, most permanent dye.
But an own-that-we're-whipped kind of Peace is all bosh;
The Peace that I want is a Peace that will wash.
But some folks shout "Peace!" "Stop the war!" "Cry *Peccavi!*"
Going back on our glorious army and navy,
Who've guarded our banner from insults and stains,
With the sweat of their brows and the blood of their veins.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And scheme for, and lie for,
And every thing else for but fight for and die for,
Is the Peace of a mouse with a cat;
And that's what's the matter with that.

No sound that can ring from thy larynx, O man!
Or ripple from lips of an infant or woman,
Is so sweet as that sweetest word, Peace, to my ears,
When it isn't accompanied by Copperhead cheers.
Those cheers spoil the whole, for we know that the cry
Means dove—the dear emblem of Peace—in a pie.
Pharisees sing of "the Lamb" till they're hoarse,
Caring only for lamb when it's served with Mint sauce.
Now the things these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Are plump little doves they get ready their pie for,
With a lamb that is tender and fat;
And that's what's the trouble with that.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Every inch of my frame, and I'm some of them high.
But olives, at times, have a worm in the bud;
And the vampire fans you while sucking your blood.
All rest is not health—note the pulse and the breath;
There's the slumber of life and the slumber of death;
There's the calmness of virtue, the silence of sin;
Disease driven out, and disease driven in.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Is a Peace that we'd die *of*, not live for, nor die for.
It's going to bed with a vampire bat,
Otherwise known as a Peace Democrat;
And that, Brother Ben, 's what's the matter with that.

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?"

"Well, it *is* rather pretty," I said, with a half-suppressed yawn.

"Now, George," she said, indignantly, "that is too bad. Do be generous for once. Isn't it perfectly *lovely?*"

"Well, I suppose it *is* if *you* say so, my dear;" and I leaned back in my chair, and with closed eyes placidly emitted a dense volume of smoke from my lips.

It was six o'clock in the evening, dinner was over, and I had subsided into the comfortable tranquillity of my dressing-gown, slippers, and cigar. Alice had been out shopping that afternoon, as several plethoric-looking bundles on the side-table testified; and now I must witness and share in the investigation of their contents.

So I listened while my wife commented on the texture of the linen intended for the bosoms of my new shirts.

She then produced a mysterious-looking package, which, divested of its paper covering, proved to be a very handsome black silk dress pattern. She looked so pretty as she stood before me—the bright fire-light shining on her sweet face—and it was all in a glow; and she was enthusiastic in the praise of her last purchase, which she was holding up before my unappreciating eyes. She was not at all satisfied with the limited praise I bestowed upon it.

"How provoking you are! George Warden, do you hear? Do take that cigar out of your mouth and come out of your smoke-clouds a little while! I never can get a word out of you when you once get to smoking. Now how much do you suppose I gave for this piece of silk?"

Mrs. Warden's husband opened his eyes and declared he "hadn't the slightest idea! how should he know?" Mrs. W. was well aware that he knew little and cared less about the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet.

"Only fifty dollars for the pattern—not a cent more! It's well worth fifty-six; I've saved that much any how. And it's so rich and thick it'll wear well, I am sure. Now don't you think it cheap?"

"Well, rather;" and I knocked the ashes from the tip of my cigar and prepared to resume my train of thoughts when her voice aroused me again.

"But it isn't paid for yet," she was saying, hesitatingly. "I hadn't enough money with me, and I was afraid if I waited till to-morrow I should lose the chance; and I was sure you wouldn't care—just this once," she said, timidly, as if she wasn't so sure I wouldn't care after all.

I sat upright—all awake in a moment. If there is any thing I abhor it is the credit system—I mean where women are concerned. Positively the idea that *my wife* was going in debt for things, and getting into the habit of running up long bills at the dry-goods stores, was more than I could bear. My prophetic eye saw in the future visions of temptation, deception, anxiety, unhappiness, and, perhaps, ruin—all resulting from those terrible bills! I had labored so hard to impress on her mind this one lesson, "Pay as you go." And the thought that she had disobeyed me on the first temptation made me very wrathful. The storm burst over her unconscious head.

"Alice, is it possible?—when I have told you repeatedly never, under any circumstances, to get any thing on credit, if you can possibly avoid it? I must say—"

"But, George, it is the first time I ever did so, and—"

"It must be the last! I hope I am not niggardly. I am willing to let you have all the money you need; but I will not consent to your running up long bills at the stores. I could tell you how many men of my acquaintance have been ruined by their wives doing so. I tell you, Alice, you have no idea how a bill will run up before you know it. These little debts seem very insignificant until you put them all together. *Then* the aggregate is enormous. I did not think *my wife* would act in such direct opposition to my known wishes."

"But, George—" And the tears came into the brown eyes raised to mine.

What a wretch I was! Why couldn't I speak kindly to the poor darling, if I must tell her of her fault? But no; my heart was full of bitterness because she had disobeyed me, and then it always put me out of humor to see a woman cry.

"I don't want to hear any more about it. Take your dress away; I don't wish to look at it! I hope you will enjoy it, and the recollection that in buying it you disregarded my wishes will doubtless add much to your pleasure in it."

I think this last cruel speech hurt her more than all the rest. It makes me furious against myself now when I think of it. But I had opened my heart to a venomous, satirical demon, and he sat there securely throned, defying all my efforts to expel him, and grinning with malicious glee while he pointed the barbed words which fell like poison-drops from my tongue. I had never spoken so to my wife before. I hated myself for it!

I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down, away from me, in the recess of a window, with tears dropping fast over her pale cheeks. How I longed to go and bring her back, and kiss away the remembrance of my harshness! But I did not. I don't know how long we sat thus, and I did not know what I was reading; I was only conscious of being very remorseful and very unhappy, when a timid, faltering voice startled me out of my abstraction, and caused me to look up. She was standing before me, with the tears not yet dry on her pale face, and the grieved look plainer than ever in her soft eyes.

"I don't care about having the dress, George. I'll take it back to-morrow. I know they will allow me to return it; only please do not look so. I can bear any thing but seeing you so displeased!"

Did I fling down that hateful paper, and seat the trembling pleader on my knee, and kiss the poor pale face till it bloomed again? Alas! the demon whispered, "Forgiveness easily obtained is not much valued. Hold out only a little longer." And I did; and lost the opportunity which the wealth of worlds can not buy now!

I steeled my heart against those pleading tones. I met the prayerful glance with one so cold that it froze down the upspringing tears, and then I said, coldly,

"No, you shall not do that. If there is any thing I hate, it is carrying a thing back after it has been taken. Now you've got it, keep it. I'll pay the bill when I go down in the morning." And that was all. Then I turned to the other side of the paper and appeared engrossed in a telegram from Washington. I could have cursed myself as I watched her move wearily back to the window, and sit down with her forehead pressed against the pane so despairingly; and when one or two convulsive sobs, but half stifled, reached me I fairly started, and rustled the paper nervously.

Seven o'clock. Alice arose and moved across the room. She stopped a few moments before the glass, and I watched her unseen. I remember now exactly how she looked and was dressed. I never can forget it. I knew not then, as I gazed at her so intently, that it was *the last time* I should ever see her with the current of life warming her veins and flushing her face! She wore a black dress. Black was always my taste, and it set off her pure complexion beautifully; high and plain, with no ornaments but the delicate lace about the throat and arms. One thick braid of hair passed across her head, and it suited her better than any coronet. And as she raised her hand to smooth the brown ripples about her forehead the sleeve fell back, and the prettiest round arm you ever saw gleamed out so bewitchingly! I knew very well why she had dressed with so much taste on this particular evening. We were going out together to a birthday party given by a young cousin of hers; for Nora thought nothing could go right without "Cousin Alice" to superintend.

She got her hood and cloak, making a noise purposely to attract my attention; but I heard nothing. Then she came and stood before me while she was tying on her hood; and waited some time for me to speak; but I would not; and at last she said, timidly,

"We were going to Uncle William's to-night."

"Well?"

That was all I said. Then she went away looking very sad. Presently a dusky face peered in at the door.

"Carriage am ready, missus."

"George, are you going with me to-night?"

"No."

"I am very sorry," she said, meekly; "but Nora will be so disappointed if I do not go; so I must go."

"Very well."

I did not look up till I heard the door close after her. Then I flung the paper aside with a muttered curse, and strode fiercely to the window. I watched her enter the carriage, and saw it drive off; and then I came back to the fire, kicked over a stool, and kicked it again when it fell; flung the paper into the fire, which I punched savagely for want of something more substantial on which to vent my fury, and then sat down with my face in my hands and groaned bitterly through my clenched teeth.

I was angry with my suffering, unoffending wife because she had gone out without me. I thought she ought to have staid at home and broken her engagement to humor my absurd caprice, when she did not even know that I wished her to do so. I was also angry with myself for treating her in such a shameful manner. Never before in all my life had I felt so. Altogether, I was perfectly miserable.

While I sat there I unconsciously drew from my finger the ring I always wore there. I held it up, as I was often in the habit of doing, to read the inscription within; and the words "*Grieve not the heart that loves thee*" flashed on my gaze—flashed into my heart with such painful vividness that I started and looked around to see who had uttered them. There was no one there. I was alone, and conquered by the talisman of the ring! "Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her gift. These were the words she was wont to murmur, lying with closed eyes and white hands nestled in mine, and the dear head pillowed on my heart. Such the sweet refrain, breaking ever and anon from the fresh lips, till I hushed their music into silence by the pressure of my own.

"Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her voice that spoke to me in the stillness of that lonely room. Oh! no other could have the power to so thrill my soul with feelings such as I had then! Where was she then? Moving amidst the glare and glitter of the crowded ball-room? Oh no! I know her spirit came to me in that lonely hour to take a last farewell, to breathe a parting benediction on my unworthy head!

That ring was her gift. She placed it on my finger the day after we were married; and I promised her solemnly, with her earnest brown eyes looking into mine, that I would never part with it in life or in death. As I sat there holding it in my hand sweet memories of old times flashed across my mind, like sudden sun-bursts over a darkened landscape. I thought of the time when I first asked her to be my wife—child as she was. It was not so long ago—only two years; and they had been such pleasant ones! She was very young, was Alice, when I first brought her to my home—only seventeen; and I was her senior in years. But I was older in experience even than in years. Accustomed from very early life to act and think for myself, I had acquired the habit of domination unconsciously; and Alice, with her tiny figure and fair young face, and, clinging, caressing ways, I never could think of but as a beautiful child, to be spoiled, and petted, and loved, and governed. Heaven knows how I loved and cared for her! But she had never before disobeyed me. Never before had she so wounded—not my love for her, but my love of authority.

But my heart was softened now. I thought of all her caressing, pretty ways—how she had nursed me during a long illness in the past fall—how she would bound into my arms when I came home every evening; and then I thought how dreary my home would be without her; and all the repressed tenderness of my nature welled up.

"Poor child!" I murmured, regretfully, "how I have made her suffer! I was harsh, God forgive me! Oh, that she were here now that I might take her to my heart and soothe her into forgetfulness, my poor wronged darling!"

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed to ten. She never staid out later.

"She will soon be here," I said, trustfully; and then I rang the bell, and had the fire replenished and the room arranged against her coming. I drew her favorite chair up into the bright blaze, and placed my own beside it; then I went to the window, and looked impatiently down the moonlit avenue. Not coming yet! I walked up the floor once or twice; and then, to beguile the tedious moments, entered into an investigation of the contents of her little work-basket which stood on a table. First, there was her tiny thimble and scissors. and spools of different hues; then I took up a small piece of flannel embroidered in various cabalistic designs—which last caused me to smile curiously, for I could not understand the meaning of so much work, all crowded on one small piece of stuff. But I dropped it quickly, for I heard the carriage coming up the avenue. I was at the door as soon as it stopped, and opened it eagerly. My wife sat with her face turned from me, and quite hidden by the large woolen hood.

"Are you not very cold and tired, dear?" I said, my voice trembling with impatient tenderness as I extended my hand to assist her to rise; but there was no answer, and she remained quite still.

"Alice, love, speak to me! Do you not hear?"

Silent still! Then I thought she had fallen asleep, and took her hand to awaken her. It was so cold that I started back chilled.

"How cold you are, dear Alice? Are you ill?" And I leaned forward and pushed the hood from her face. It was a very still, white face—so motionless it might have been carved in stone. The moonlight shone full upon it, and on the precious blue eyes, wide open, but dimmed and filmed.

Dead! O God! No!

I would not allow myself to think of it. "She has fainted," I said; and I carried her swiftly into the house and laid her on the sofa. I knew nothing of the gathering crowd of terror-stricken servants around me—saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing for a time. Every thought, every faculty was concentrated in my anxiety for her. I knelt beside her, and chafed the dead hands and temples, and pressed my warm, living lips to the beautiful cold mouth, as if seeking to breathe into them again the breath of life. Vain! vain! She never looked on me or spoke to me again.

A hand was laid on my shoulder; a quiet, kindly voice bade me move aside a moment, and our grave, gray-haired family physician laid his fingers on the white wrist, and then placed them on the still heart, and then, shaking his head sadly, turned away. I heard the words "Disease of the heart." That was all.

They left me alone with my dead at last. There in that room where I had seen her alive for the last time—where I had so wounded the dear heart whose last throb was for me! The fire glowed as brightly as ever. There stood her piano, still open, with a favorite song upon it. There was her work-table with her little basket upon it, and the book she had been reading, with a bit of ribbon to mark the place! There on a table were the things she had bought that evening, together with the piece of silk which had caused so much grief! The apron she had worn was thrown carelessly over the chair which I had drawn up to the fire to be in readiness when she returned. She had come back to me. But it seemed as if she had come in some terrible dream from which I can never awake.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Short Whist.—"Short whist," says a descendant of Mrs. Battle, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, "is a rubber, where two out of four are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very 'short whist.'" "Long whist," adds this excellent matron, "is Mr. Battle's constant excuse for coming home from his Club at four o'clock in the morning."

A badly-bunged-up Emerald Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Mulroony's wake, and an illigant time we had of it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

How to make a Watch keep Time.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

A new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is announced with the title of "Life in the Squares." Is it possible that she has solved a great social problem? for, of course, life in the squares means life in the best circles. This quadrature of the circle, if it is all on the square, will astonish the sages.

Boy. "Please, Sir, tell me the time?"
Cheery Old Gent. "Yes, Sir—bed-time!"

For the Use of Schools.—Queen Elizabeth was remarkably proud of her personal appearance. When she assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," it was Sir Walter Raleigh who suggested, that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vane."

Worth Knowing.—Tell not your secrets in a corn-field; it has thousands of ears.

We have a specimen of the Celtic race in our kitchen, says a correspondent, whose partiality for funerals, wakes, and other enjoyments of the representatives of that nationality, is frequently manifested in a very ludicrous manner. She asked a few days' leave of absence recently to visit a cousin. On her return I asked if she had enjoyed herself. "Faith, ma'am," said she, "and it was as good as a funeral all the time."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

"John, did you leave Mr. Jones's umbrella at his house?" "No, ma," said John. "And why did you not, my son? Didn't I tell you to?" "Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't you tell me a little while ago to keep something for a rainy day, and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

"Pray, Mr. Labriska, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I does it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that they did not acknowledge it made them smart."

Certain coquettes, gayly dressed, thickly powdered, and well rouged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present how he was pleased with the French beauties. "Ladies," he replied with great *naïveté*, "I'm no judge of painting."

Some one says that going to law is mighty cold business, for all you ever get is but just-*ice*, and sometimes you don't get even that.

While walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress; she turned with a frowning look, and a strong expression of anger. With his usual urbanity he replied, "I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed, but really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A young gentleman with an inquiring mind wishes to be enlightened on the following: If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Where are you going?" said Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they are all in a quiver when the beaus come.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast is *confidence*.

EPIGRAM.

A watch lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.

The watch kept time; and if time will away,
I see no reason why the watch should stay.

You say the key hung out, and you fail'd to lock it;
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a pocket.

Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do,
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket, too.

A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy began describing her complaint, which is what he very much disliked. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift my arm it pains me exceedingly." "Why, then, ma'am," answered Mr. A., "you are a great fool for doing so."

Hairdresser's Motto.—Two heads (of hair) are better than one.

When a man's face turns as yellow as a guinea, he has a rich complexion.

"No matter how often you may fall into the river," said an old toper, "you won't drown if your head swims."

A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

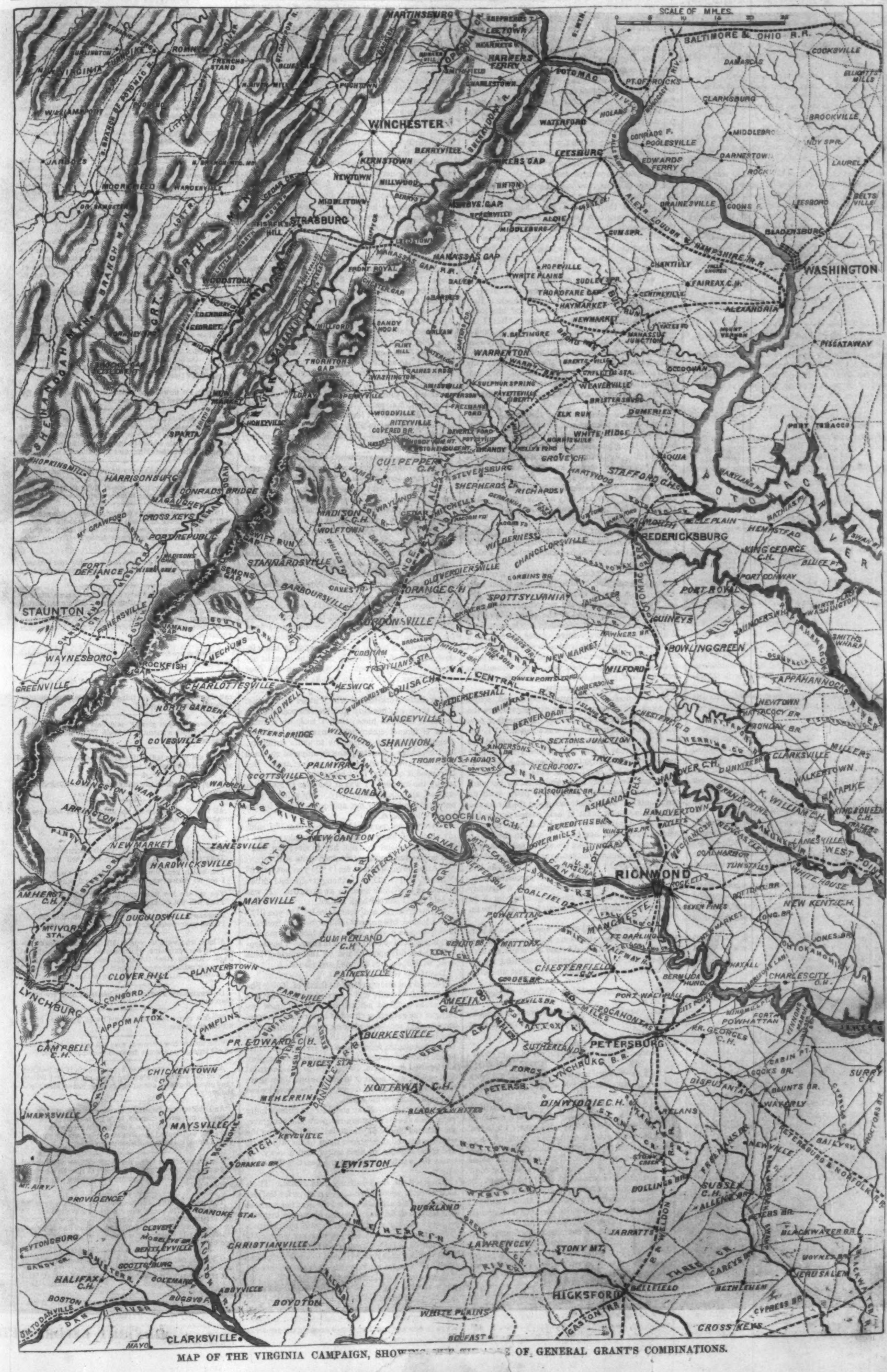
An Irish lawyer, famed for cross-examining, was on one occasion completely silenced by a horse-dealer. "Pray, Mr. ——, you belong to a very honest profession?" "I can't say so," replied the witness; "for, saving you lawyers, I think it the most dishonest going."

A soldier who was being led to the gallows saw a crowd of people running on before. "Don't be in such a hurry," said he to them. "I can assure you nothing will be done without me."

The laird of M'N——b was writing a letter from an Edinburgh coffee-house, when a friend observed that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. "I ken that weel eno'!" exclaimed the Highland chieftain; "but how can a man write grammar with a pen like this?"

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers asked him if he was mad—she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, "She was obstinate and contrary in her life, and no doubt she was the same at her death."


SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 15 20 25
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
MARTINSBURG
HARPERS FERRY
POTOMAC
WINCHESTER
KERNSTOWN
BERRYVILLE
NEWTOWN
MIDDLETOWN
STRASBURG
LEESBURG
COOKSVILLE
CLARKSBURG
BROOKVILLE
POOLESVILLE
EDWARDS FERRY
DRAINESVILLE
LAUREL
BELTSVILLE
BLADENSBURG
WASHINGTON
ALEXANDRIA
CENTREVILLE
FAIRFAX C.H.
CHANTILLY
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
MANASSAS JUNCTION
FRONT ROYAL
WOODSTOCK
NEW MARKET
WARRENTON
PISCATAWAY
OCCOQUAN
DUMFRIES
CULPEPPER C.H.
STEVENSBURG
STAFFORD C.H.
FREDERICKSBURG
HARRISONBURG
PORT REPUBLIC
CROSS KEYS
MADISON C.H.
WILDERNESS
CHANCELLORSVILLE
SPOTTSYLVANIA
PORT ROYAL
KING GEORGE C.H.
STAUNTON
ORANGE C.H.
GORDONSVILLE
WAYNESBORO
CHARLOTTESVILLE
VA. CENTRAL R.R.
LOUISA C.H.
BOWLING GREEN
MILFORD
TAPPAHANNOCK
HANOVER C.H.
ASHLAND
SCOTTSVILLE
JAMES RIVER
COLUMBIA
GOOCHLAND C.H.
WEST POINT
WHITE HOUSE
COAL HARBOR
RICHMOND
MANCHESTER
NEW KENT C.H.
CHARLES CITY C.H.
AMHERST C.H.
LYNCHBURG
APPOMATTOX
FARMVILLE
BURKESVILLE
PETERSBURG
CITY POINT
BERMUDA HUNDRED
CHESTERFIELD
NOTTAWAY C.H.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
LYNCHBURG R.R.
PETERSBURG & NORFOLK R.R.
SURRY
CAMPBELL C.H.
MAYSVILLE
LEWISTON
SUSSEX C.H.
HALIFAX C.H.
DANVILLE
DAN RIVER
ROANOKE STA.
CHRISTIANVILLE
LAWRENCEV.
STONY MT.
JERUSALEM
HICKSFORD
BOYDTON
WHITE PLAINS
BELFAST
CROSS KEYS
CLARKSVILLE
GASTON R.R.

MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, SHOW[illegible] OF GENERAL GRANT'S COMBINATIONS.

SONG OF THE PEACE REPUBLICAN.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Of the deepest, the darkest, most permanent dye.
But an own-that-we're-whipped kind of Peace is all bosh;
The Peace that I want is a Peace that will wash.
But some folks shout "Peace!" "Stop the war!" "Cry
Peccavi!"
Going back on our glorious army and navy,
Who've guarded our banner from insults and stains,
With the sweat of their brows and the blood of their veins.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And scheme for, and lie for,
And every thing else for but fight for and die for,
Is the Peace of a mouse with a cat;
And that's what's the matter with that.

No sound that can ring from thy larynx, O man!
Or ripple from lips of an infant or woman,
Is so sweet as that sweetest word, Peace, to my ears,
When it isn't accompanied by Copperhead cheers.
Those cheers spoil the whole, for we know that the cry
Means dove—the dear emblem of Peace—in a pie.
Pharisees sing of "the Lamb" till they're hoarse,
Caring only for lamb when it's served with Mint sauce.
Now the things these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Are plump little doves they get ready their pie for,
With a lamb that is tender and fat;
And that's what's the trouble with that.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Every inch of my frame, and I'm some of them high.
But olives, at times, have a worm in the bud;
And the vampire fans you while sucking your blood.
All rest is not health—note the pulse and the breath:
There's the slumber of life and the slumber of death;
There's the calmness of virtue, the silence of sin;
Disease driven out, and disease driven in.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Is a Peace that we'd die *of*, not live for, nor die for.
It's going to bed with a vampire bat,
Otherwise known as a Peace Democrat;
And that, Brother Ben, 's what's the matter with that.

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?"

"Well, it *is* rather pretty," I said, with a half-suppressed yawn.

"Now, George," she said, indignantly, "that is too bad. Do be generous for once. Isn't it perfectly *lovely*?"

"Well, I suppose it *is* if *you* say so, my dear;" and I leaned back in my chair, and with closed eyes placidly emitted a dense volume of smoke from my lips.

It was six o'clock in the evening, dinner was over, and I had subsided into the comfortable tranquillity of my dressing-gown, slippers, and cigar. Alice had been out shopping that afternoon, as several plethoric-looking bundles on the side-table testified; and now I must witness and share in the investigation of their contents.

So I listened while my wife commented on the texture of the linen intended for the bosoms of my new shirts.

She then produced a mysterious-looking package, which, divested of its paper covering, proved to be a very handsome black silk dress pattern. She looked so pretty as she stood before me—the bright fire-light shining on her sweet face—and it was all in a glow; and she was enthusiastic in the praise of her last purchase, which she was holding up before my unappreciating eyes. She was not at all satisfied with the limited praise I bestowed upon it.

"How provoking you are! George Warden, do you hear? Do take that cigar out of your mouth and come out of your smoke-clouds a little while! I never can get a word out of you when you once get to smoking. Now how much do you suppose I gave for this piece of silk?"

Mrs. Warden's husband opened his eyes and declared he "hadn't the slightest idea! how should he know?" Mrs. W. was well aware that he knew little and cared less about the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet.

"Only fifty dollars for the pattern—not a cent more! It's well worth fifty-six; I've saved that much any how. And it's so rich and thick it'll wear well, I am sure. Now don't you think it cheap?"

"Well, rather;" and I knocked the ashes from the tip of my cigar and prepared to resume my train of thoughts when her voice aroused me again.

"But it isn't paid for yet," she was saying, hesitatingly. "I hadn't enough money with me, and I was afraid if I waited till to-morrow I should lose the chance; and I was sure you wouldn't care—just this once," she said, timidly, as if she wasn't so sure I wouldn't care after all.

I sat upright—all awake in a moment. If there is any thing I abhor it is the credit system—I mean where women are concerned. Positively the idea that *my wife* was going in debt for things, and getting into the habit of running up long bills at the dry-goods stores, was more than I could bear. My prophetic eye saw in the future visions of temptation, deception, anxiety, unhappiness, and, perhaps, ruin—all resulting from those terrible bills! I had labored so hard to impress on her mind this one lesson, "Pay as you go." And the thought that she had disobeyed me on the first temptation made me very wrathful. The storm burst over her unconscious head.

"Alice, is it possible?—when I have told you repeatedly never, under any circumstances, to get any thing on credit, if you can possibly avoid it? I must say—"

"But, George, it is the first time I ever did so, and—"

"It must be the last! I hope I am not niggardly. I am willing to let you have all the money you need; but I will not consent to your running up long bills at the stores. I could tell you how many men of my acquaintance have been ruined by their wives doing so. I tell you, Alice, you have no idea how a bill will run up before you know it. These little debts seem very insignificant until you put them all together. *Then* the aggregate is enormous. I did not think *my wife* would act in such direct opposition to my known wishes."

"But, George—" And the tears came into the brown eyes raised to mine.

What a wretch I was! Why couldn't I speak kindly to the poor darling, if I must tell her of her fault? But no; my heart was full of bitterness because she had disobeyed me, and then it always put me out of humor to see a woman cry.

"I don't want to hear any more about it. Take your dress away; I don't wish to look at it! I hope you will enjoy it, and the recollection that in buying it you disregarded my wishes will doubtless add much to your pleasure in it."

I think this last cruel speech hurt her more than all the rest. It makes me furious against myself now when I think of it. But I had opened my heart to a venomous, satirical demon, and he sat there securely throned, defying all my efforts to expel him, and grinning with malicious glee while he pointed the barbed words which fell like poison-drops from my tongue. I had never spoken so to my wife before. I hated myself for it!

I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down, away from me, in the recess of a window, with tears dropping fast over her pale cheeks. How I longed to go and bring her back, and kiss away the remembrance of my harshness! But I did not. I don't know how long we sat thus, and I did not know what I was reading; I was only conscious of being very remorseful and very unhappy, when a timid, faltering voice startled me out of my abstraction, and caused me to look up. She was standing before me, with the tears not yet dry on her pale face, and the grieved look plainer than ever in her soft eyes.

"I don't care about having the dress, George. I'll take it back to-morrow. I know they will allow me to return it; only please do not look so. I can bear any thing but seeing you so displeased!"

Did I fling down that hateful paper, and seat the trembling pleader on my knee, and kiss the poor pale face till it bloomed again? Alas! the demon whispered, "Forgiveness easily obtained is not much valued. Hold out only a little longer." And I did; and lost the opportunity which the wealth of worlds can not buy now!

I steeled my heart against those pleading tones. I met the prayerful glance with one so cold that it froze down the upspringing tears, and then I said, coldly,

"No, you shall not do that. If there is any thing I hate, it is carrying a thing back after it has been taken. Now you've got it, keep it. I'll pay the bill when I go down in the morning." And that was all. Then I turned to the other side of the paper and appeared engrossed in a telegram from Washington. I could have cursed myself as I watched her move wearily back to the window, and sit down with her forehead pressed against the pane so despairingly; and when one or two convulsive sobs, but half stifled, reached me I fairly started, and rustled the paper nervously.

Seven o'clock. Alice arose and moved across the room. She stopped a few moments before the glass, and I watched her unseen. I remember now exactly how she looked and was dressed. I never can forget it. I knew not then, as I gazed at her so intently, that it was *the last time* I should ever see her with the current of life warming her veins and flushing her face! She wore a black dress. Black was always my taste, and it set off her pure complexion beautifully; high and plain, with no ornaments but the delicate lace about the throat and arms. One thick braid of hair passed across her head, and it suited her better than any coronet. And as she raised her hand to smooth the brown ripples about her forehead the sleeve fell back, and the prettiest round arm you ever saw gleamed out so bewitchingly! I knew very well why she had dressed with so much taste on this particular evening. We were going out together to a birthday party given by a young cousin of hers; for Nora thought nothing could go right without "Cousin Alice" to superintend.

She got her hood and cloak, making a noise purposely to attract my attention; but I heard nothing. Then she came and stood before me while she was tying on her hood; and waited some time for me to speak; but I would not; and at last she said, timidly,

"We were going to Uncle William's to-night."

"Well?"

That was all I said. Then she went away looking very sad. Presently a dusky face peered in at the door.

"Carriage am ready, missus."

"George, are you going with me to-night?"

"No."

"I am very sorry," she said, meekly; "but Nora will be so disappointed if I do not go; so I must go."

"Very well."

I did not look up till I heard the door close after her. Then I flung the paper aside with a muttered curse, and strode fiercely to the window. I watched her enter the carriage, and saw it drive off; and then I came back to the fire, kicked over a stool, and kicked it again when it fell; flung the paper into the fire, which I punched savagely for want of something more substantial on which to vent my fury, and then sat down with my face in my hands and groaned bitterly through my clenched teeth.

I was angry with my suffering, unoffending wife because she had gone out without me. I thought she ought to have staid at home and broken her engagement to humor my absurd caprice, when she did not even know that I wished her to do so. I was also angry with myself for treating her in such a shameful manner. Never before in all my life had I felt so. Altogether, I was perfectly miserable.

While I sat there I unconsciously drew from my finger the ring I always wore there. I held it up, as I was often in the habit of doing, to read the inscription within; and the words "*Grieve not the heart that loves thee*" flashed on my gaze—flashed into my heart with such painful vividness that I started and looked around to see who had uttered them. There was no one there. I was alone, and conquered by the talisman of the ring! "Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her gift. These were the words she was wont to murmur, lying with closed eyes and white hands nestled in mine, and the dear head pillowed on my heart. Such the sweet refrain, breaking ever and anon from the fresh lips, till I hushed their music into silence by the pressure of my own.

"Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her voice that spoke to me in the stillness of that lonely room. Oh! no other could have the power to so thrill my soul with feelings such as I had then! Where was she then? Moving amidst the glare and glitter of the crowded ball-room? Oh no! I know her spirit came to me in that lonely hour to take a last farewell, to breathe a parting benediction on my unworthy head!

That ring was her gift. She placed it on my finger the day after we were married; and I promised her solemnly, with her earnest brown eyes looking into mine, that I would never part with it in life or in death. As I sat there holding it in my hand sweet memories of old times flashed across my mind, like sudden sun-bursts over a darkened landscape. I thought of the time when I first asked her to be my wife—child as she was. It was not so long ago—only two years; and they had been such pleasant ones! She was very young, was Alice, when I first brought her to my home—only seventeen; and I was her senior in years. But I was older in experience even than in years. Accustomed from very early life to act and think for myself, I had acquired the habit of domination unconsciously; and Alice, with her tiny figure and fair young face, and, clinging, caressing ways, I never could think of but as a beautiful child, to be spoiled, and petted, and loved, and governed. Heaven knows how I loved and cared for her! But she had never before disobeyed me. Never before had she so wounded—not my love for her, but my love of authority.

But my heart was softened now. I thought of all her caressing, pretty ways—how she had nursed me during a long illness in the past fall—how she would bound into my arms when I came home every evening; and then I thought how dreary my home would be without her; and all the repressed tenderness of my nature welled up.

"Poor child!" I murmured, regretfully, "how I have made her suffer! I was harsh, God forgive me! Oh, that she were here now that I might take her to my heart and soothe her into forgetfulness, my poor wronged darling!"

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed to ten. She never staid out later.

"She will soon be here," I said, trustfully; and then I rang the bell, and had the fire replenished and the room arranged against her coming. I drew her favorite chair up into the bright blaze, and placed my own beside it; then I went to the window, and looked impatiently down the moonlit avenue. Not coming yet! I walked up the floor once or twice; and then, to beguile the tedious moments, entered into an investigation of the contents of her little work-basket which stood on a table. First, there was her tiny thimble and scissors. and spools of different hues; then I took up a small piece of flannel embroidered in various cabalistic designs—which last caused me to smile curiously, for I could not understand the meaning of so much work, all crowded on one small piece of stuff. But I dropped it quickly, for I heard the carriage coming up the avenue. I was at the door as soon as it stopped, and opened it eagerly. My wife sat with her face turned from me, and quite hidden by the large woolen hood.

"Are you not very cold and tired, dear?" I said, my voice trembling with impatient tenderness as I extended my hand to assist her to rise; but there was no answer, and she remained quite still.

"Alice, love, speak to me! Do you not hear?"

Silent still! Then I thought she had fallen asleep, and took her hand to awaken her. It was so cold that I started back chilled.

"How cold you are, dear Alice? Are you ill?" And I leaned forward and pushed the hood from her face. It was a very still, white face—so motionless it might have been carved in stone. The moonlight shone full upon it, and on the precious blue eyes, wide open, but dimmed and filmed.

Dead! O God! No!

I would not allow myself to think of it. "She has fainted," I said; and I carried her swiftly into the house and laid her on the sofa. I knew nothing of the gathering crowd of terror-stricken servants around me—saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing for a time. Every thought, every faculty was concentrated in my anxiety for her. I knelt beside her, and chafed the dead hands and temples, and pressed my warm, living lips to the beautiful cold mouth, as if seeking to breathe into them again the breath of life. Vain! vain! She never looked on me or spoke to me again.

A hand was laid on my shoulder; a quiet, kindly voice bade me move aside a moment, and our grave, gray-haired family physician laid his fingers on the white wrist, and then placed them on the still heart, and then, shaking his head sadly, turned away. I heard the words "Disease of the heart." That was all.

They left me alone with my dead at last. There in that room where I had seen her alive for the last time—where I had so wounded the dear heart whose last throb was for me! The fire glowed as brightly as ever. There stood her piano, still open, with a favorite song upon it. There was her work-table with her little basket upon it, and the book she had been reading, with a bit of ribbon to mark the place! There on a table were the things she had bought that evening, together with the piece of silk which had caused so much grief! The apron she had worn was thrown carelessly over the chair which I had drawn up to the fire to be in readiness when she returned. She had come back to me. But it seemed as if she had come in some terrible dream from which I can never awake.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Short Whist.—"Short whist," says a descendant of Mrs. Battle, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, "is a rubber, where two out of four are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very 'short whist.'" "Long whist," adds this excellent matron, "is Mr. Battle's constant excuse for coming home from his Club at four o'clock in the morning."

A badly-bunged-up Emerald Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Mulroony's wake, and an illigant time we had of it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

How to make a Watch keep Time.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

A new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is announced with the title of "Life in the Squares." Is it possible that she has solved a great social problem? for, of course, life in the squares means life in the best circles. This quadrature of the circle, if it is all on the square, will astonish the sages.

Boy. "Please, Sir, tell me the time?"
Crusty Old Gent. "Yes, Sir—bed-time!"

For the Use of Schools.—Queen Elizabeth was remarkably proud of her personal appearance. When she assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," it was Sir Walter Raleigh who suggested, that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vane."

Worth Knowing.—Tell not your secrets in a corn-field; it has thousands of ears.

We have a specimen of the Celtic race in our kitchen, says a correspondent, whose partiality for funerals, wakes, and other enjoyments of the representatives of that nationality, is frequently manifested in a very ludicrous manner. She asked a few days' leave of absence recently to visit a cousin. On her return I asked if she had enjoyed herself. "Faith, ma'am," said she, "and it was as good as a funeral all the time."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

"John, did you leave Mr. Jones's umbrella at his house?" "No, ma," said John. "And why did you not, my son? Didn't I tell you to?" "Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't you tell me a little while ago to keep something for a rainy day, and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

"Pray, Mr. Labriska, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I does it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that they did not acknowledge it made them smart."

Certain coquettes, gayly dressed, thickly powdered, and well rouged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present how he was pleased with the French beauties. "Ladies," he replied with great *naïveté*, "I'm no judge of painting."

Some one says that going to law is mighty cold business, for all you ever get is but just-*ice*, and sometimes you don't get even that.

While walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress; she turned with a frowning look, and a strong expression of anger. With his usual urbanity he replied, "I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed, but really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A young gentleman with an inquiring mind wishes to be enlightened on the following: If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Where are you going?" said Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they are all in a quiver when the beaus come.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast is *confidence*.

EPIGRAM.

A watch lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.

The watch kept time; and if time will away,
I see no reason why the watch should stay.

You say the key hung out, and you fail'd to lock it;
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a pocket.

Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do,
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket, too.

A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy began describing her complaint, which is what he very much disliked. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift my arm it pains me exceedingly." "Why, then, ma'am," answered Mr. A., "you are a great fool for doing so."

Hairdresser's Motto.—Two heads (of hair) are better than one.

When a man's face turns as yellow as a guinea, he has a rich complexion.

"No matter how often you may fall into the river," said an old toper, "you won't drown if your head swims."

A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

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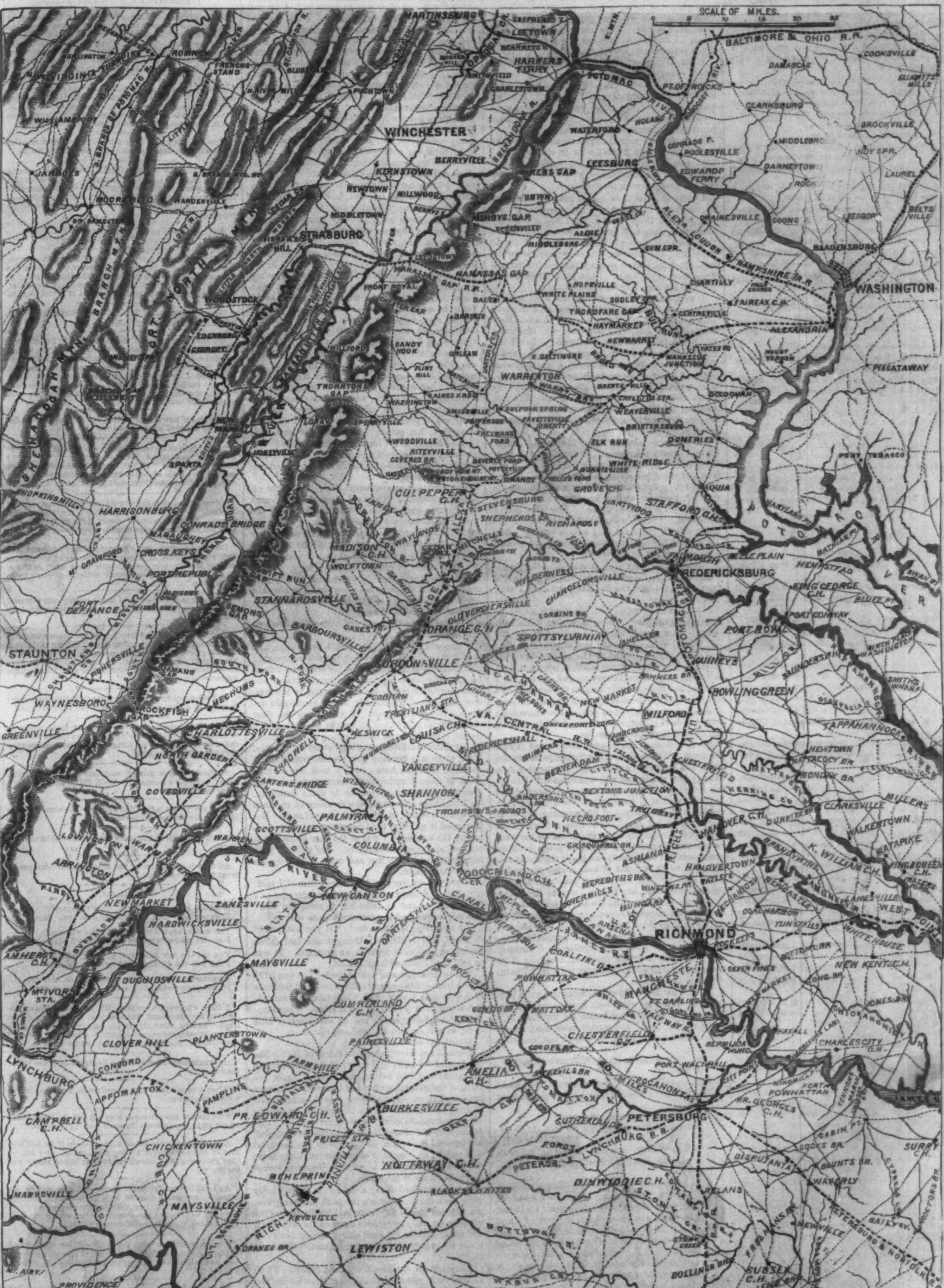
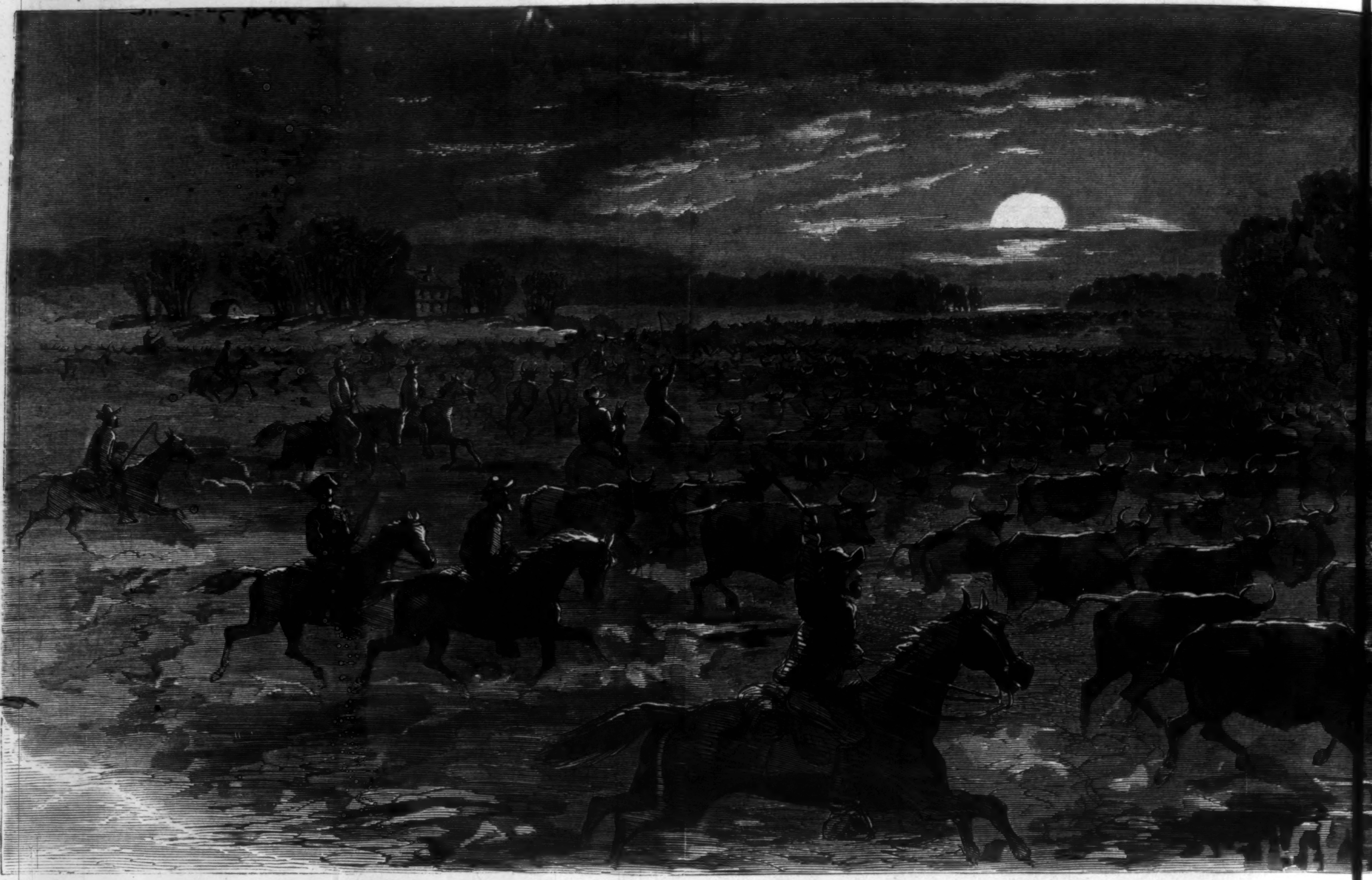
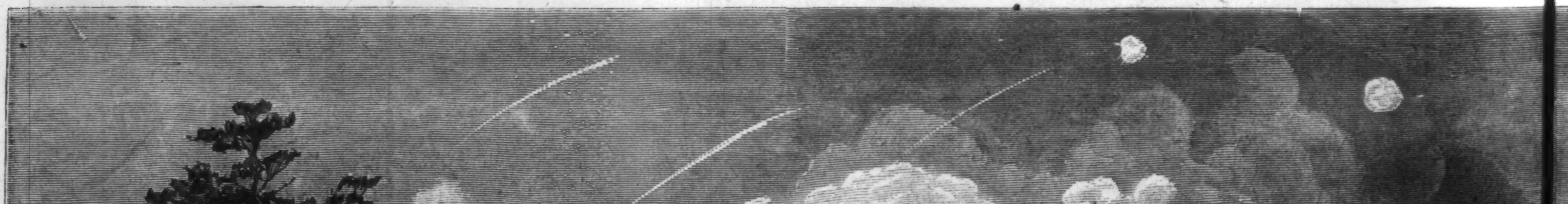

SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 15 20 25
MARTINSBURG
LEETOWN
HARPERS FERRY
CHARLESTOWN
POTOMAC
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
DAMASCUS
COOKSVILLE
PT. OF ROCKS
CLARKSBURG
BROOKVILLE
MIDDLEBROOK
POOLESVILLE
DARNESTOWN
LAUREL
EDWARDS FERRY
ROMNEY
FRENCH'S STAND
WINCHESTER
BERRYVILLE
KERNSTOWN
NEWTOWN
WATERFORD
LEESBURG
MOOREFIELD
WARDENSVILLE
MIDDLETOWN
STRASBURG
MIDDLEBURG
DRAINESVILLE
BLADENSBURG
WASHINGTON
LOUDON & HAMPSHIRE R.R.
FRONT ROYAL
MANASSAS GAP
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
WHITE PLAINS
CENTREVILLE
FAIRFAX C.H.
ALEXANDRIA
WOODSTOCK
HAYMARKET
MANASSAS JUNCTION
MOUNT VERNON
PISCATAWAY
SANDY HOOK
ORLEAN
WARRENTON
THORNTON'S GAP
WASHINGTON
SULPHUR SPRING
WEAVERVILLE
OCCOQUAN
LURAY
WOODVILLE
BRISTERSBURG
DUMFRIES
ELK RUN
PORT TOBACCO
SPARTA
CULPEPPER C.H.
HARRISONBURG
CONRADS BRIDGE
CROSS KEYS
PORT REPUBLIC
MADISON C.H.
STAFFORD C.H.
FREDERICKSBURG
FALMOUTH
BELLE PLAIN
KING GEORGE C.H.
POTOMAC RIVER
WILDERNESS
CHANCELLORSVILLE
STANNARDSVILLE
PORT DEFIANCE
ORANGE C.H.
SPOTTSYLVANIA
PORT CONWAY
PORT ROYAL
STAUNTON
BARBOURSVILLE
GORDONSVILLE
GUINEYS
BOWLING GREEN
WAYNESBORO
ROCKFISH GAP
MILFORD
CHARLOTTESVILLE
VA. CENTRAL R.R.
LOUISA C.H.
TAPPAHANNOCK
GREENVILLE
NORTH GARDEN
YANCEYVILLE
BEAVER DAM
CHESTERFIELD
COVESVILLE
SHANNON
SEXTONS JUNCTION
HANOVER C.H.
CLARKSVILLE
MILLERS
WALKERTOWN
PALMYRA
COLUMBIA
SCOTTSVILLE
LOVINGSTON
ARRINGTON
WARMINSTER
ASHLAND
HANOVERTOWN
K. WILLIAM C.H.
KING & QUEEN C.H.
JAMES RIVER
NEW CANTON
NEWMARKET
ZANESVILLE
GOOCHLAND C.H.
CANAL
RICHMOND
WEST POINT
WHITE HOUSE
HARDWICKSVILLE
MAYSVILLE
COALFIELD
MANCHESTER
SEVEN PINES
NEW KENT C.H.
AMHERST C.H.
DUGUIDSVILLE
CUMBERLAND C.H.
McIVOR STA.
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
BERMUDA HUNDRED
CHARLES CITY C.H.
CLOVER HILL
PLANTERSTOWN
LYNCHBURG
FARMVILLE
AMELIA C.H.
PORT WALTHALL
POCAHONTAS
FORT POWHATTAN
APPOMATTOX
PAMPLINS
PR. EDWARD C.H.
BURKESVILLE
PETERSBURG
PR. GEORGES C.H.
CAMPBELL C.H.
PRICES STA.
LYNCHBURG R.R.
CHICKENTOWN
NOTTAWAY C.H.
DANVILLE R.R.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
DISPUTANTA
WAVERLY
SURRY C.H.
MAYSVILLE
STONY CR.
PETERSBURG & NORFOLK R.R.
LEWISTON
SUSSEX C.H.
ROANOKE STA.
PROVIDENCE
MT. AIRY
DUCKLAND
BLACKWATER
JARRATTS
CHRISTIANVILLE
LAWRENCEV.
STONY MT.
HALIFAX C.H.
BOSTON
BOYDTON
HICKSFORD
BELLEFIELD
BETHLEHEM
WHITE PLAINS
CLARKSVILLE
GASTON R.R.
CROSS KEYS
DAN RIVER
SHENANDOAH MTN.

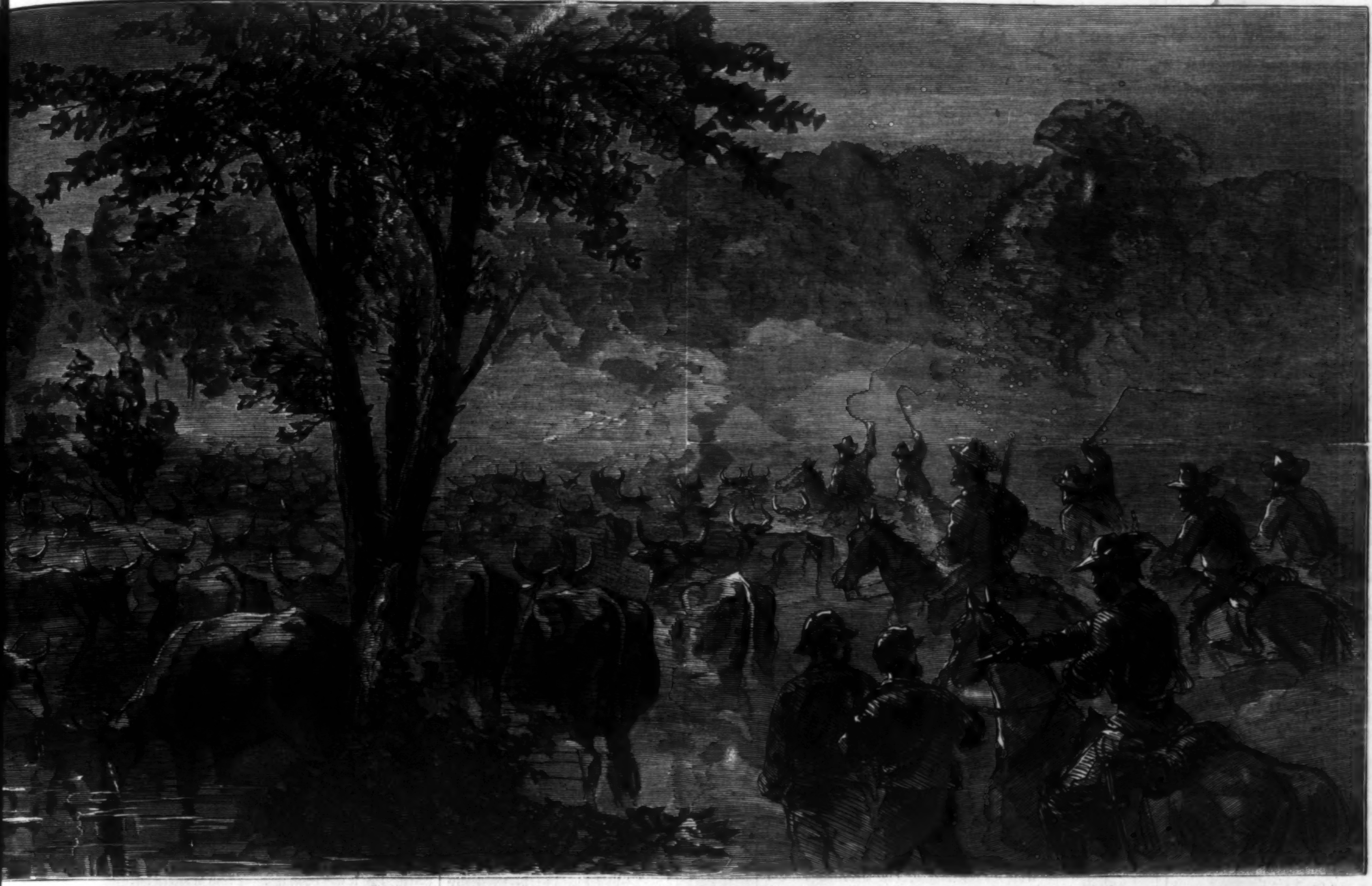
MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF GENERAL GRANT'S COMBINATIONS.



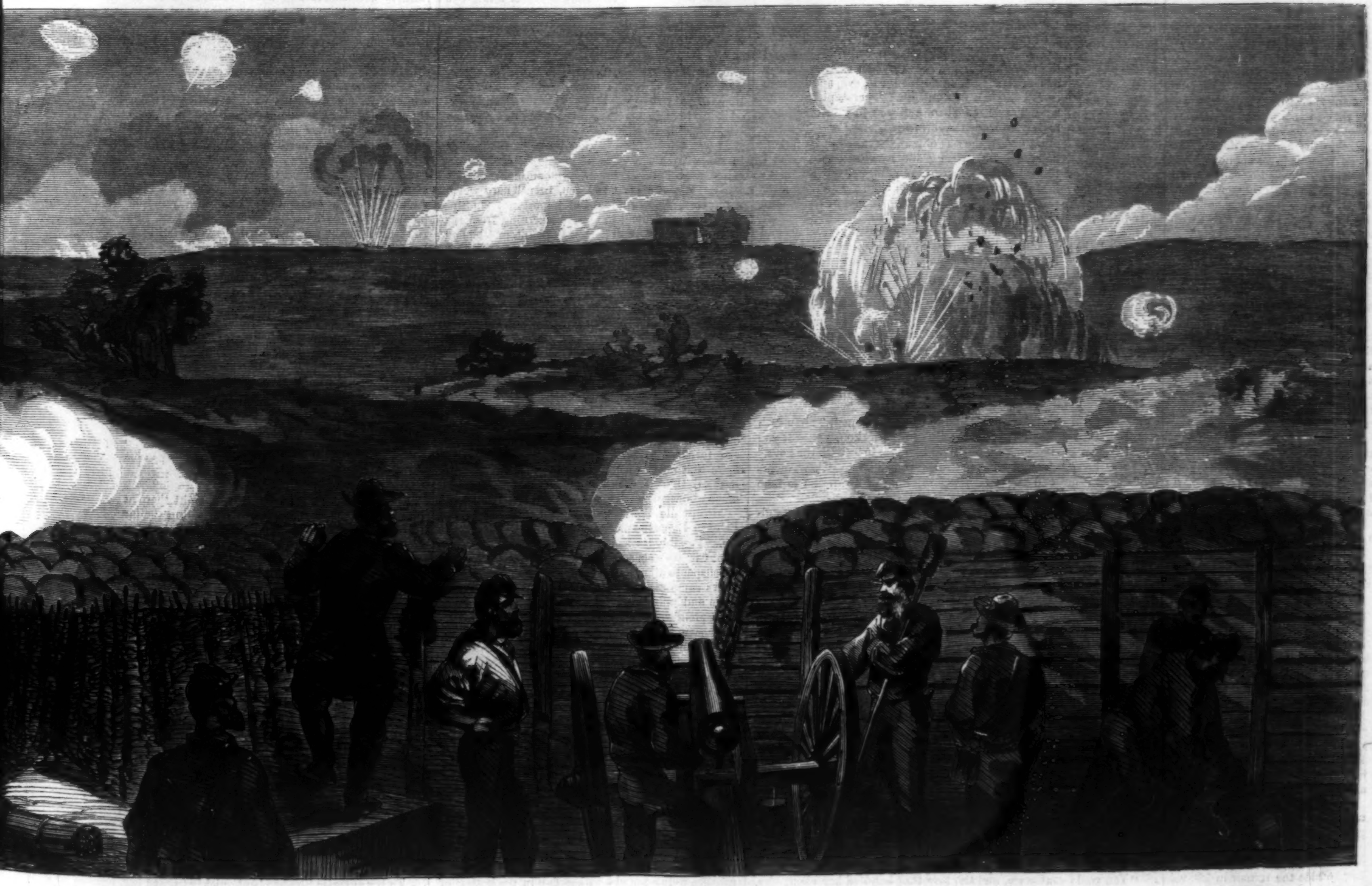
THE GREAT CATTLE RAID AT HARRISON'S LANDING SEPTE



MIDNIGHT BEFORE PETERSBURG—SKETCHE



EPTEMBER 16, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]



KETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

"NO REST."

Too soon, too soon does the sun ascend from the east at morning,
Too long he lingers at eve by his crimson gates in the west;
Proud of his kingly light, and the ruddy robes of his splendor
While under his eye of fire, I wait and long for rest.
Rest for the busy hand and the ever-aching brain;
Rest for the beating heart that has beat so long in vain:
So soon the long day dawns, so slow she wings her flight,
While the weary sons of toil are faint for the bliss of night.

Rest! But when night has come and slumber is still denied,
When the brain must still be busy, the hand not idle yet,
And the pleasant sounds of peace to the toiler, heavy-eyed,
Mock him with restless longings for joys he would fain forget.
Ah! then does he cry by night—"O morn! delay thy dawn,
For the hour of toil returns when the Sabbath of night is gone.
Let slumber a little longer on these dull eyes be pressed,
Grant to thy child—O grant the precious boon of Rest!"

And the Father majestic answers: "Is this a time to be idle,
When thy land is striving to banish the errors that she deplores;
When, calm in a steadfast faith, she celebrates her bridal
With the red-robed god of war, and sorrow is on her shores?
O, pause not now on the way, nor faint till the task be done;
No rest, no peace, no joy while the battle is not won.
Cry not for Sabbaths now, but aid with a willing hand,
And soon the Sabbath of peace shall dawn over all the land."

The sweet thoughts kiss my heart as the sweet lips of a bride
Fall on her husband's brow, and I wake to toil again.
Up, up! my hand, my heart! Away on the heavy tide!
No Rest for me till the dawn of freedom from death and pain.
Welcome again the morn and the slow-winged hours of toil;
I shall use my life and hope for the peace of my native soil.
I long no more for night; my pillow shall not be pressed
Till the land of my life and love is redeemed to a holy Rest.

CHRISTY ANDREWS.

Low kitchen walls, but white as drifted snow, with the spring sunshine flinging amber glooms across their spotlessness, a singing kettle on the hearth, and a white-spread table waiting.

Something else waited also. Rocking softly to and fro in her easy-chair, her head thrown back, so that you could see the round white throat with its ruffled circlet, the firm little chin, the serious, thoughtful profile, sat Christy Andrews, waiting for the husband of three months to come in from the fields to his tea.

"That's a mighty smart husband o' yourn, Christy," said a stout, dumpy-looking woman, in a rusty black dress, who sat near the window, from time to time eying the temptingly spread table; "they ain't another farmer in the county I reckon that's got his crops in this soon. 'Pears like some folks always is ahead o' their work, and the rest is always a letting their work get ahead o' them. 'Pears like, too, that in this yer western country every thing comes so easy that the farmers think they hain't got *nothin'* to do; and crops does come a'most with lookin' at 'em. Ain't you none afeard, Christy, that Stephen'll take it into his head to volunteer?"

Christy had scarcely seemed to hear the good lady before. Now a brightness flashed into her eyes that, half tears as it was, heralded with eager light her words.

"I shouldn't say a word, if he wanted to go," she said, almost passionately—"I shouldn't say a word, if it killed me to have him go. When I think of the old flag treated so—our old flag—I wish I was a man long enough to strike a blow for it."

Stephen Andrews standing just outside, where he had stopped at sound of Christy's ringing tones, lingered still a moment; but she did not speak again, and he cut short a somewhat prosy speech of Mrs. Dunn's as he entered the room, with no sign upon his manly face of having heard his wife, and saying good-evening to that lady, proceeded to hang up his hat and prepare for tea. Christy's little hands trembled some as she poured and passed the tea, and once or twice when her eyes met Stephen's casually, hers lingered questioningly. Her keen and loving intuitions perceived a slight change in him, and bravely as she had just expressed herself, a vague apprehension troubled her.

Stephen did not evade her look; he even smiled back at her; but her eyes were struggling with mistiness all tea-time. In the softly golden twilight—such twilight as comes nowhere as it does to that breezy prairie-land—when Christy had put away the little tea-table, and Mrs. Dunn had gone, and Christy stood in the low doorway, looking away across the rustling grass to where the sun had just sunk among green billows, Stephen came and stood beside her with an arm about the round, trim waist, and the young wife clasped her hands across his strong shoulder and drooped her face pensively beside them. Vaguely she felt what was coming.

"We're very nicely fixed here, aren't we, little girl?" Stephen said, in a low voice; "we've just got nicely fixed!" And then, quoting something Mrs. Dunn had said about Christy's housekeeping, he added, lightly, "I wish you understood farming as well as you do housekeeping!"

"Do you?" said Christy, lifting her large eyes to his face. What she read there chained her glance.

"Yes," Stephen said, caressing the little face with his hand, bending his own to it, and speaking low to hide the tremor in his voice. "You could see to the farm then while I am gone."

"Gone? Oh, Stephen!"

He drew her close within his arms, very agitated himself, for he realized what it was he was about to do, and she was but a three-months' wife—the one woman of all the world to him, the one love of his life.

"You will be brave, dear, I know. I have been wanting to say this some time, but I was afraid to tell you till this afternoon. I heard what you said to Mrs. Dunn, and that gave me courage."

Christy lay very still in his arms for a little, and then she lifted her head and kissed him, whispering,

"I will be brave, dear; I'm prouder to have you go than I should be happy in having you stay; but—but—you know, Stephen, you're all I've got!"

"I know, child," and he kissed her. After a long silence, which neither broke for fear of betraying too much agitation to the other, Stephen said, wishing to break the current of too sad thought,

"I feel anxious about the farm, Christy; I've got every thing in such prime order now. It's a pity to have it all run down, as it is almost sure to do."

Ever ready to second him, Christy said, in the same tone,

"I think I'll learn to be a farmer, Stephen. Why couldn't I? I sha'n't have much housekeeping to do, you know, and—"

Tears filled her eyes in an overwhelming tide, but she would not let him see them, and stopped speaking when her voice began to tremble.

Stephen, however, was thinking about his farm, and did not notice.

"Yes," he went on, "I should feel easier if I knew of good hands to leave the farm with. I've got it mostly planted now, and I'd let any good man take it on shares, and give him a good bargain too. But the fact is, these fellows that are round taking farms that way don't, the most of 'em, know any more about farming than you do. There's that lot of sorghum, now—if it could be half taken care of, I candidly believe there wouldn't be such another yield in the State. It's coming up splendidly, and I never had my heart more set upon any crop than I have on that cane."

Christy let him talk on, stimulating him with a word now and then—Stephen was an enthusiast about farming—but all the while she was thinking how short a time it might be now before his strong arm would cease to clasp her.

Stephen's father lived in an adjoining county. One morning, a few days after Stephen had decided to volunteer, the old man presented himself at his son's house.

"Is this true, Stephen?" he questioned. "I hear you are going to volunteer."

"Yes, father, I was coming over to tell you and mother myself, as soon as I could," Stephen answered, gravely, while Christy nearly burned her face to a crisp looking in the oven after the pies which she could not see for the tears that blinded her in a sudden rush.

"Well, it's best maybe," said Mr. Andrews. "I reckon you know what you're up to; but what's agoin' to come of the farm, and what's Christy goin' to do? If I was her, I wouldn't let you go a step."

The oven-door shut suddenly with a bang, and Christy was rushing out, when Stephen stopped her, and drew her reluctantly toward his father.

"Christy thinks the country needs me more than she or the farm," he said.

Mr. Andrews glanced at the red little face and the swelling eyelids. "Yes," he said, "the women are crazier than the men, I b'l'eve, and the men can't volunteer fast enough. There's plenty to go without you, Stephen, and you just married, and nobody to leave the farm with."

"I'm just the sort of man they need most, father, not too young, strong and hardy. Christy and I think it's right, and so I'm going. I thought maybe I could get you or one of the boys to look after the farm a little. If Caleb or Rob, now, would take it on shares."

"Caleb and Rob both volunteered yesterday; and it takes all my authority and his mother's entreaties to keep Jack from goin' the same road, youngster as he is. She let the other two go, but she hangs to Jack, and she was terrible took aback on Christy's account to hear that you was thinking of this sort of thing. I'll do any thing I can of course, but I'm old, you know, and I've got my own crops to see after. I don't know how I'll manage without Caleb and Rob."

"Never mind, there'll be some way. Whose regiment are the boys in? I ought to be in the same one."

"Denning's like to be their Colonel, Thirty-fifth Regiment; and it ain't full, I reckon, yet. If you be goin', Stephen, I'd like you to be with the boys."

"I'll go over this afternoon, and call on Townsend as I go. I was thinking of Townsend to take the farm if you couldn't."

This afternoon! Christy's fevered face grew suddenly white and chill; every thing seemed to whirl about her.

Mr. Andrews saw, and exclaimed, almost impatiently, "Townsend's no farmer; stay at home till you're wanted, Stephen, and attend to your own business!"

"I think I'm wanted now, father." And then, seeing Christy's white face, "It's only to volunteer, you know, child; the regiment won't leave for weeks yet, and it's such an object to be near Caleb and Rob."

"Yes," Christy said, catching her breath.

Stephen volunteered that afternoon, but Townsend couldn't take the farm; and nobody was found to take it up to the last moment. Stephen's father promised to do what he could, and Stephen had to leave it so. A sore thing it was to him too, for next to his wife and his country that farm occupied the largest place in Stephen Andrews's thoughts.

Poor little Christy! She had coaxed a reluctant consent from Stephen to stay in their own little home while he was gone, and his sister Sarah was coming to live with her. But she thought, those first weeks after he had gone, that the pain of his absence, and the fear that haunted her about him, could scarcely be endured long.

Stephen wrote often, however, cheery letters, and had much to say about the farm. It worried him yet. They had tried a great deal to find some one to take it, but nobody was to be found. It was too late in the season; and meanwhile Stephen's hitherto carefully-tended fields missed him terribly. Mr. Andrews and Jack had done something, and now and then Christy had succeeded in hiring a man for a day or two, but the farm looked badly.

"I hate to tell him how things are; Sarah," said Christy, as she sat with Stephen's last letter open before her, and a pen in her hand preparatory to answering it. "He insists upon knowing just how every thing looks, and it's discouraging to have to tell him how it is."

She sat thoughtful a long time; Sarah, who was elderly and talkative, keeping up a glib dissertation on ways and means, none of which were practicable.

"I've heard Stephen say that if he wanted any thing done really, it was always safest to do it himself."

It was not easy to tell by this speech exactly in what channel Christy's thoughts were running; but presently she said aloud,

"Sarah, I believe I can do it myself. I'm not strong like Stephen; but I know how things ought to be done almost as well as he does. The farm needs a head more than any thing else. That stupid Fritz used to work well enough with Stephen to watch him, and I almost know I could plow corn. Andy Johnson—that little fellow, you know, Sarah, that was here this morning after sweet-potato plants—he can't be stronger than I am, and he plows corn by the acre. Then there's the sorghum; that's just woman's work at first, you know—too nice for a man's hands any how. Andy and I could do that easy enough. I shall write Stephen that I've got somebody at last to take the farm—somebody that knows how, too. It will relieve his heart of one anxiety, poor fellow!"

And she forthwith wrote precisely that, despite Sarah's demurring and astounded expostulations.

Mr. Andrews was having a busy time, and did not happen to come over to see them for about ten days, so that Christy had an opportunity to put her project in operation, and judge of the probability of success before receiving his remonstrances.

They were loud and long when they came; but Christy was—though quiet, and a little shy—so firm, and then she had a coaxing way of her own; and in the end the good old farmer grumblingly promised to keep her secret and let her have her way.

No one was to tell Stephen who had taken the farm; and Christy, in all her letters upon the subject, was singularly neglectful about giving names till he gave up asking.

"She won't hold out so," Mr. Andrews muttered to himself every time he came to the farm, though he was fain to confess that so far she had done wonders.

It was hard work—literal hard work—physically and mentally. The little hands grew brown with toil, and the young head ached with weariness and anxiety. She worked early and late, overtaxing herself indeed; but she was scarcely conscious of it, she was so eager. Fritz worked better under her eye than under Stephen's even, and after a while he brought a great strong Dutch brother of his to work with him. Little Andy came to help as long as the corn needed plowing, and Christy herself, after a deal of awkwardness, learned to plow too. The sorghum was the most troublesome of any thing; but Christy would not suffer it to be neglected at all, because she knew how much pride Stephen always had in it.

It was hard work—neither romance nor poetry in it—save as she thought of Stephen. She accomplished nothing by any romantic sleight of hand. It was what I tell you, literal hard work, not precisely necessitated but important; for Stephen depended upon the profits accruing from the farm to pay off a small debt yet upon it, and he had no other means save his soldier's pay. Being a private, that was not much. Hard work of head and hands, but the farm smiled, and that field of sorghum—how many of you ever saw a field of the Chinese sugar-cane rustling its slender, graceful reeds in a prairie breeze?—the long, lance-like leaves in a constant quiver, the tall arrowy canes bending and swaying, pliant as willows, and the heavy heads, black and shining like tasseled jet, nodding, nodding—that field of sorghum was the comfort of Christy's lonesome, tired life. She never looked at it without smiles or tears, it reminded her so of Stephen. Just so tall and straight, and supple of limb was he; and if suddenly one of those western tornadoes—that come sometimes—had burst upon that field and felled those green and serried ranks, I think Christy would have taken it as an omen almost, though she wasn't superstitious.

Meanwhile Stephen's regiment, ordered to the Eastern Department from the first, had seen service. Possibly it was incessant occupation only that kept Christy's senses from forsaking her in the awful suspense after that unhappy battle of Bull Run. News came at last—all three of the brothers were alive and unharmed. August, and the first week of September, passed safely, and then a long silence—an awful suspense, strangely unbroken by news of any of the three—and then, such news.

Caleb and Rob were prisoners, and Stephen—a comrade home on a sick furlough brought the word, and he shrank from Christy when he tried to tell her of her husband.

"He is dead," she said, in cold, still tones, a white circle creeping round her little mouth.

"Not dead," the man answered; "but I have heard him say that death would have been better. He is blind."

"Blind!" Christy covered her pale face with her hands and crept quietly away, thanking God for her husband's life. Blind! Had she not sight, and was not she his—oh! all his, God granting; but "poor, poor Stephen!"

It was true. Some lightning from the deadly missiles flying round him one day in the hottest of the fight had flashed blindness upon Stephen Andrews. Some other, slighter injuries there were; but he was better of them now, and was coming home in a few days. Christy went to meet him, putting tender arms about him, and crying upon his neck, "Never to leave me again, my darling." And then she led him home, the great, strong man, like a chained eagle; but already in her sweet and loving presence he felt it less.

At home—and he had not said a word about the farm. Christy would not speak, for she was afraid of hurting him. He could not *see* what she had done, not even the sorghum lot, and she always looked at it through tears now. How often she had pictured his surprise when he came to know that it was only his little Christy that had taken the farm! How often she had imagined to herself his start and look of surprise, and then the loving, loving chiding she should get! And now—now he would never see any of it, never more. Well, God was good still; God knew better than she what was best for her and Stephen.

Stephen said little. He was moody and taciturn, with a hard, unreconciled expression upon his face that reminded Christy constantly of what the man said about his wishing that death had smote him rather than blindness, and it hurt her somehow terribly to have him feel so. *She* could never be thankful enough that his life was spared her, and that she was able to be what she was to him. He did not know yet all she was capable of being to him.

One day Stephen, stumblingly, and with a more despairing look than usual, asked some questions about the farm. Christy drew him on to talk of it, and finally coaxed him out, telling him how every thing looked in such apt phrase that it might have been to him almost like seeing it. But his face only hardened. She led him among the breezy, silken rustle of the sugar-cane, and told him how clean, and tall, and fair it was, and then, with her face upon his shoulder as in the old time, she tried to comfort and soften him with loving talk.

He seemed to listen, but he said little in reply; and she noticed that his hands were hard clenched all the time. Once he seemed to shudder through all his strong muscular frame as with a sort of rage at the strength and stature that was yet so impotent.

Poor little Christy! Her heart ached and ached to see him so, and all the while she talked the tears were slowly gathering in her eyes, and dropping one by one. How should he know it though?

Meanwhile, a cloud scarcely larger than a man's hand at first, had grown, and, almost before Christy became conscious of its presence, had overspread the heavens. An awful hush suddenly filled the air, as though all nature listened—a hush—and yet an indescribable suggestion of sound—a panting of the very atmosphere.

Christy knew too well what these signs forboded, and turned at once toward the house. They had scarcely gone ten steps, however, before, with a swirl and a swoop, like some immense and winged destruction, it was upon them—a true Western tornado.

Imagine a body of wind impassable as a wall of fire, sweeping with the seeming swiftness of lightning over the country, marking its way with the ruins of homesteads that have crumbled before it like dust, breaking great strong trees short off at the base, lifting on its mighty wings huge timbers, and launching them like Titanic bolts through the air. Imagine thunder, like the crash of all the elements, and lightning like the flash of their dissolving—imagine crash and blinding glare, and mighty wind all in one, and so swift that while you said, "Let us flee!" it was upon you, and you have some idea of one of those tornadoes that have in late years so desolated portions of Illinois and some other Western States.

Stephen had sufficient self-possession to drop instantly to the ground, and force Christy with him. Almost in the same moment she was torn from him by the wind, and he called after her vainly. The fury of the storm was such that his voice fell back upon him like a tide-wave meeting breakers.

Almost maddened, between his impotence and an awful uncertainty concerning her fate, he rose to his feet, but was instantly dashed again to the ground by the wind, and with a force that left him helpless some moments.

The storm spent itself, however, in that first rage, and by the time he could rise again to his unsteady feet a comparative lull had come. Groping his way, he moved on, calling frantically at every step. What he suffered in those moments of suspense it is impossible to tell. He had known instances of awful and swift destruction in these tornadoed storms; and, when after what seemed to him a long interval, he still received no reply to his calls, he groaned aloud.

"Oh, Stephen! are you safe?"

She had risen up from the ground right there at his side. Some missile of the many filling the air had struck her, or else the fury with which the wind dashed her down had caused that unconsciousness from which she had only then roused. It was she, her little soft touch upon his arm; and as Stephen clasped her once more to him, after those moments which had seemed ages of darkness and agony, Christy little knew all that embrace meant to him.

He was still silent, as, drenched with the rain that was yet falling in torrents, they turned again toward the house; but he held Christy to him with a nervous clasp, and his face wore an expression that had not been upon it before since he came home.

Their house, as by a miracle, was unharmed; but, lingering in the doorway, Christy saw how destruction had swept over the farm. Acres of corn that this morning had waited in green and golden "shocks" made the fields look now like one vast threshing-floor. The sorghum, to use Christy's own simile, was as though a gigantic flat-iron had been dropped suddenly upon it; every cane was down, and the field looked as though strewn with rushes. She could not help catching her breath with consternation.

To her surprise Stephen bent quickly toward her, just as he used to do in the old time at any sign from her, but as he had not done of late. He had felt too bitter and unreconciled to his own fate to scarce be grateful even for her.

"What is it, Christy?" he asked.

Wondering, she told him; and then gradually it came out how she had busied herself during his absence.

He could scarce believe her, but he comprehended at last; and when, her tongue once loosed on the subject, she went on in her own wise little way to tell him, first, what a summer it had been, and then to speculate on the ways and means for soonest remedying the mischief which the storm had done, perhaps the homely heroism that was undaunted under all the discouraging circumstances that surrounded her—and he numbered himself among them—touched him, in his sensitive state, more than any thing else could.

Holding her suddenly in his arms he poured forth all the pent-up emotion of the weeks past, of the day just dying gloriously now, after the storm. Standing in the red glory of that sunset the two took up the burden of life again, resolved cheerfully to bear it to the end, thankful to bear it together, and happier, perhaps, in each other than though suffering had not so tried them.

The corn and sugar-cane were saved with little waste; Christy was eyes and Stephen hands, and both had head; and they have worked so together ever since. And that is how Christy Andrews came to be a farmer.

GOOD-BY; GOD BE WITH THEE!

Good-night, the day is paling,
The sun will set in rain,
And I—my heart is failing,
And weakening with pain.

And thou—the tears will rise, love—
What dare I say of thee?
I gaze into thine eyes, love,
As though they were the sea;

Unsatisfied, unweary,
I look into their deep,
Till even visions dreary
Are safely laid to sleep;

And not our parting sorrow,
Not even coward fear,
Can make me feel the morrow,
While still I linger here.

Ten years—they must be ended
Some time before we die,
What hope and anguish blended,
Sweet heart, beneath thy sigh.

Ah! dear one, did I bid thee
Be calm and bear the pain?
Good-by, love, God be with thee,
And bring me back again!

TIT FOR TAT.

I was coming one morning into the city. I had the carriage to myself for some distance; then a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, every thing about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran-new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his neck-tie—a blue one, negligently arranged *à la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying,

"Candidly, Sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,

"And who, Sir, may this client be with the *distingué* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your truly flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, Sir, really; no indeed, Sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentler sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, Sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, Sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' Corner of the Waverly *Repository exegi monumentum ære perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D—— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as New York."

"Why, my dear Sir, there are six copies of the Waverly *Herald* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Waverly *Herald*, Waverly *Repository*. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and had taken them to the office of the Waverly *Repository*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Waverly *Repository* is a garden. There roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path I chanced to look toward the other gate: a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk,

"'Who is that divine creature who has just left your office?'

"'That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our "Poets' Corner."'

"'She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"'Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I fell deeper in love; my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Waverly *Repository*. She was a poetess, she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't, Sir; I remember them well."

"I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said, 'There is a letter here meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed, '— Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the "Poets' Corner" of the Waverly *Repository*.'. The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Broadway. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camellia," I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition; we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Waverly. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dextrously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poets' Corner" in the Waverly *Repository*, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs-d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at the city. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what!—how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to the St. Nicholas. I have a friend there who will lend me some money." The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to the St. Nicholas, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and greenbacks.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A German, who was wearied of Europe and had come to America, missed sparrows so greatly that he grew melancholy. "I can not live in a country where there are not even sparrows," he said, and returned to Germany. "O Lord!" he sighed there, "I can not live in a country where the police peer even into your soup-tureen," and went back to America. The same game was repeated several times. The absence of sparrows repulsed him here, the presence of policemen repulsed him there. How he found peace at last it is difficult to say. Great efforts are now being made to introduce sparrows into America, for their great value has been recognized.

Charles Kean, the noted tragedian, visiting the United States, was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard last night." Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. "Yes, Sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone; "I have seen your father in Richard; and I saw the last Mr. Cooke." Another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, Sir. Cooke, Sir, was better than your father; and your father, Sir, a long way better than *you*."

The following, from W. B. D'Almeida's *Life in Java* gives an idea of Japanese marriages:

"I questioned Drahman concerning Japanese weddings and courtings, and was surprised to learn that the man and woman we had just seen were not yet married, though, according to the rites of the Mohammedan creed, they had been legally allied for nearly a whole week. The young couple were as yet only passing through a probational period, during which they live apart. Among the princes and the wealthy this separation sometimes continues three months, during which time the bridegroom meets his bride every afternoon in the presence of a number of friends invited on such occasions, for whose entertainment music is provided. When food is set before them, it is the duty of the *sposo* to feed his *sposa* with rice before all the people. All goes on merrily till midnight, when the bridegroom conducts his bride to her bed, drawing the curtains aside and assisting her in. When he has seen her comfortably settled he closes the curtains and tucks them in, so as to exclude the mosquitoes; after which, retiring with the guests, he is not permitted to see his bride again till the middle of the next day."

The English profess to find much romance in the recent marriage of Belle Boyd to Lieutenant Samuel Harding, an officer of the U. S. Navy, on board the American war steamer *Connecticut*. The marriage took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London:

"The lady, who is about the same age as the bridegroom, was the daughter of General Boyd, of the army of the Southern States, who lately expired in prison, having been made prisoner by the Federals. The lady's career is full of the most eventful and romantic features. Her father, who possessed vast estates in Virginia, early embraced the cause of Southern independence, was soon intrusted with command, obtaining the rank of General. His daughter, the bride, enthusiastically embraced the same cause, followed her father to the field, and accompanied him throughout his campaign with the celebrated 'Stonewall' Jackson, and on two occasions, heroically, as a modern Joan of Arc, led on the troops to battle; she was, however, in a skirmish captured, and made prisoner, and conveyed to Washington, where she was imprisoned. Here she remained 13 months, when she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates. On her return to the South she went on board the *Greyhound*, Confederate steamer, which was captured by the Federal steamer *Connecticut* while running the blockade. Lieutenant Harding was sent on board the *Greyhound* as a prize-master, with his young heroine as a prisoner. The result was that they mutually became enamored and escaped together from the ship, and found their way to this country, the bride having succeeded in withdrawing her lover from his allegiance to the United States flag, and enlisted his sympathies and support for the South. It is the intention of Lieutenant Harding with his bride to leave this country at the end of September, to run the blockade, and enter the service of the Southern States. The marriage *cortege* was comparatively private, being confined to the bridemaid and two or three lady friends, the bridegroom being attended by a number of American gentlemen connected with the South."

An English tourist, being recently "doing" Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Goatfell without a guide. Against this mad project a "pawky" western Celt, who is wont to get his "sneezin" money out of adventurous visitors, earnestly sought to dissuade him for obvious reasons. All his arguments, however, failed, till he convinced the stranger of the utter impossibility of one unacquainted with the locality finding out of himself the really remarkable objects in it. "For instance," said he, in his broken English, which it would be vain for us to endeavor to imitate—"for instance," a happy thought suggesting itself on the spur of the moment, "there is a stone, and the strange thing connected with it is that if any one stands upon it he can hear no sound, however loud." "Indeed!" said the Cockney. "Try her," said the Highlander and Islander. Upon this the hero of Richmond Hill mounted the boulder, and Donald put his mouth into all the grotesque shapes which an enunciation of Gaelic gutturals requires and presupposes—slyly at the same time never sounding a note. The Cockney, supposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a whisper. Still, not quite satisfied with the experiment, he asked Donald to change places with him, which Donald gravely did. Forthwith the man of steaks and porter began to shout till the rocks and sides reverberated. Donald stood mute as nature. Again the Londoner called, but no apparent symptom of auditory susceptibility rose on the stolid features of the imperturbable Celt. "Most astonishing!" said the Cockney; and forthwith taking out his port-folio he entered the occurrence as not only the most extraordinary that had come under his notice in his "travels," but as also quite confirmatory of the remark of Donald how necessary it was always to have a "guide" in surveying Arran.

One of the most interesting features of our civil war is the readiness with which the privates of both armies fraternize. This disposition is most frequently shown in a sly process of barter going on between the pickets. "This traffic," says a *Tribune* correspondent, "seems to be carried on perhaps even more persistently and extensively, though a little differently, at some places on the left [referring to the army before Petersburg]. The pickets have an agreement not to fire on each other without due notice, but it is understood that all captures by main strength or superior numbers are legitimate. This makes the pickets somewhat shy of each other, and consequently the most of their traffic is carried on in writing. They have a neutral post between their lines—a stump, for instance—where notes of negotiation and commodities of exchange are mutually left. A note or two of the rebel pickets that I have seen will more fully explain the *modus operandi*:

"'Please leave the worth of this [a plug of tobacco] in writing-paper, with two envelopes. I will give you two plugs of tobacco for the knife.'

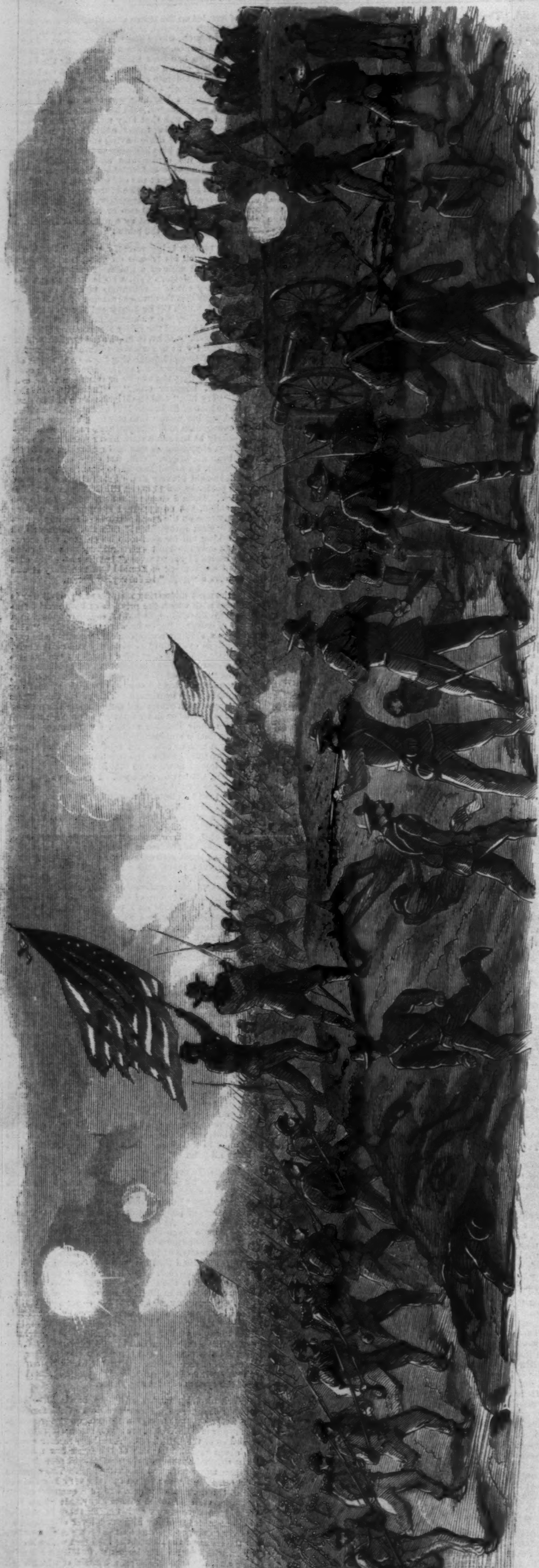
"'Please mail this letter [an open letter] to my mother in Kentucky. Put on one of your stamps, and here is one of ours and a piece of tobacco in return. What's the chance to get some coffee of you?'

"These notes, with or without the article referred to, as the case may be, are left at the nearest post, while the person leaving them retires, and the other person comes up and examines them, and replies—and so the traffic goes on. Sometimes the bargain and exchange is made in person, without the trouble of notes. One of the pickets told me that during one of the fiercest of the Weldon Railroad fights the pickets on a portion of the lines near by, not immediately engaged, were driving a brisk trade in tobacco, note-paper, etc. Besides this petty trafficking, not a little frank conversation on the state of affairs is known to be carried on between the more intelligent of the soldiers on picket."

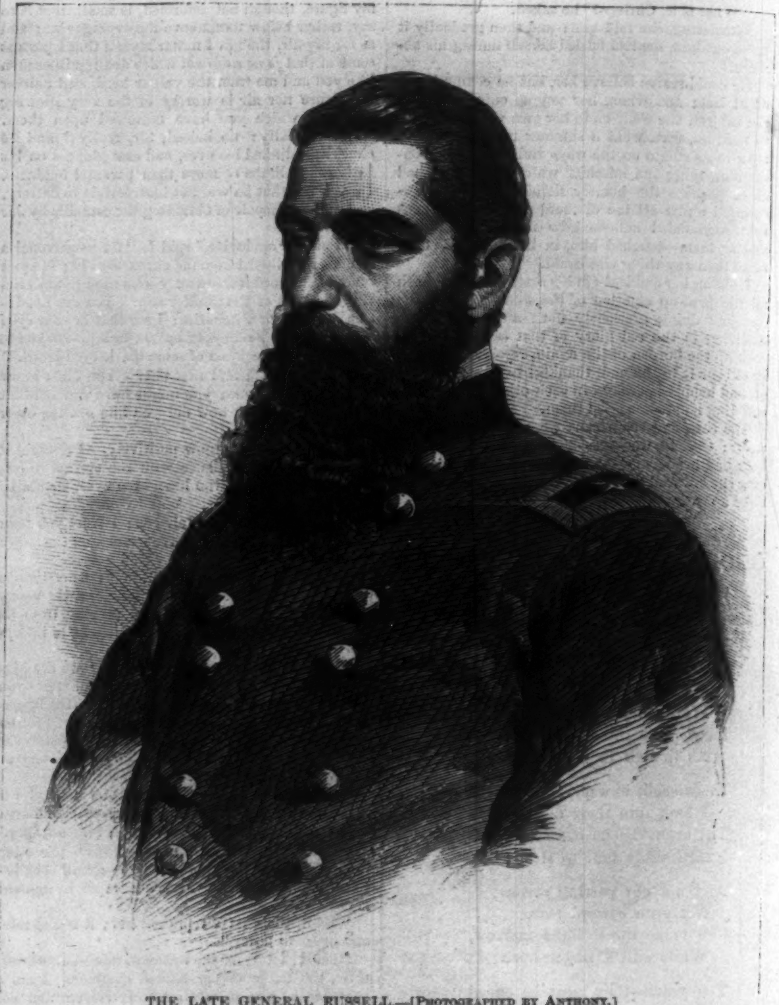
A few years ago, M. Herran, French Consul-General at Salvador, discovered a sort of bean, the *Sinobe cedron*, which is a specific against the bite of venomous reptiles. While on an important mission across the mountains, one of the Indians of his suite was stung by an [illegible], one of the most dangerous of the snake tribe. Another Indian, however, at once administered a powder, which the patient swallowed, and a perfect cure ensued. M. Herran immediately purchased the secret, which was simply the above-mentioned bean reduced to powder. But for venom of a less deadly nature, such as the sting of the bee or wasp, phenic acid is an excellent antidote. This acid is obtained by the decomposition of spyroilic acid, salicine, and coal, by heat. It is solid, colorless, and crystallizable; it melts at 35 degrees Centigrade, boils at 188 degrees, and has a peculiar odor and a pungent taste. It is scarcely soluble in water, but very much so in ether and alcohol. This acid applied to the place will stop the inflammation and take away all pain.

Dr. Alfred Taylor, in a report on the means of committing murder by poison which are allowed to exist in England, says that poison enough to kill two adults can be purchased any where for three-pence, and that the careless dispensing of poisonous drugs is the cause of most frightful accidents. As to laudanum, it appears to be sold wholesale, single shops often in the Marshland supplying three or four hundred customers every Saturday night. Retail druggists often dispense 200 pounds in one year; and one man complained that his wife had consumed £100 in opium since he married. It is a mistake to consider the practice confined to the marshy districts. We do not believe there is a town in England where some one chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum; and we were assured by a wholesale drug-dealer that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousand pounds' weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declared that the demand had sprung up shortly after the introduction of teetotalism, and that it would be found to vary every where in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.

In Yorkshire, England, sacrilegious hands have been disturbing deposits as old as "the dust of Alexander" In the fields about Settrington Beacon, upon the north-western spur of The Wolds, are several mounds which are regarded as of the British era. A ruthless farmer recently set about demolishing one of the large low mounds, already reduced in height, the surface-soil presenting a more than usual collection of chalk-flints. The laborers made a considerable excavation into the very heart of the tumulus, the contents of which, except a quantity of human bones, were forthwith carted away. It seems that the workmen were struck with finding these bones, and the circumstances reaching Malton, a lover of antiquities came over to make inquiries on the spot. A foot or two below the crown of the mound the men met with a walled chamber, which contained a large urn, holding a quantity of ashes and, the account states, a handful of whitish fatty substance. The urn was broken, but a fragment shows it to have been of unbaked clay; and the mixture of ashes and bones shows the tumulus to have been used for burials by cremation and otherwise. A surgeon has made out from the bones the greater part of the skeleton of a man, who must have stood over six feet high in life. A further examination of the tumulus is promised. At Malton, which is supposed to have been one of the oldest Brigantian fortified towns in this part of Britain, some remains of a later age have been found. During recent excavations for drainage works the workmen have cut across the two moats which formerly defended the Norman walls of the town, just outside the western gate.



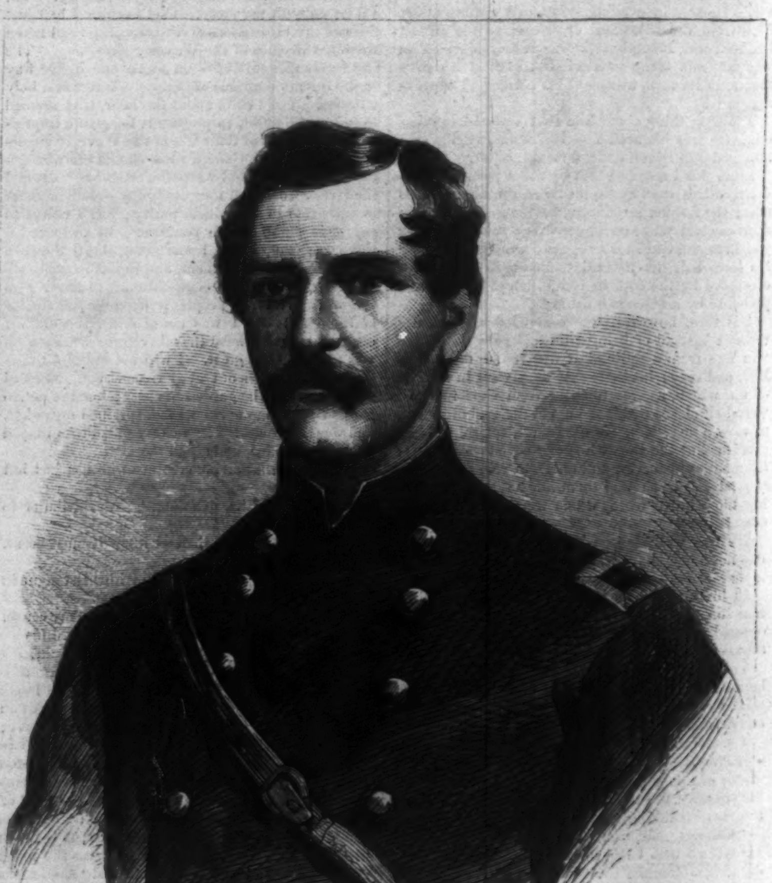
CHARGE OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE REBEL WORKS AT JONESBOROUGH.—[See next Page.]



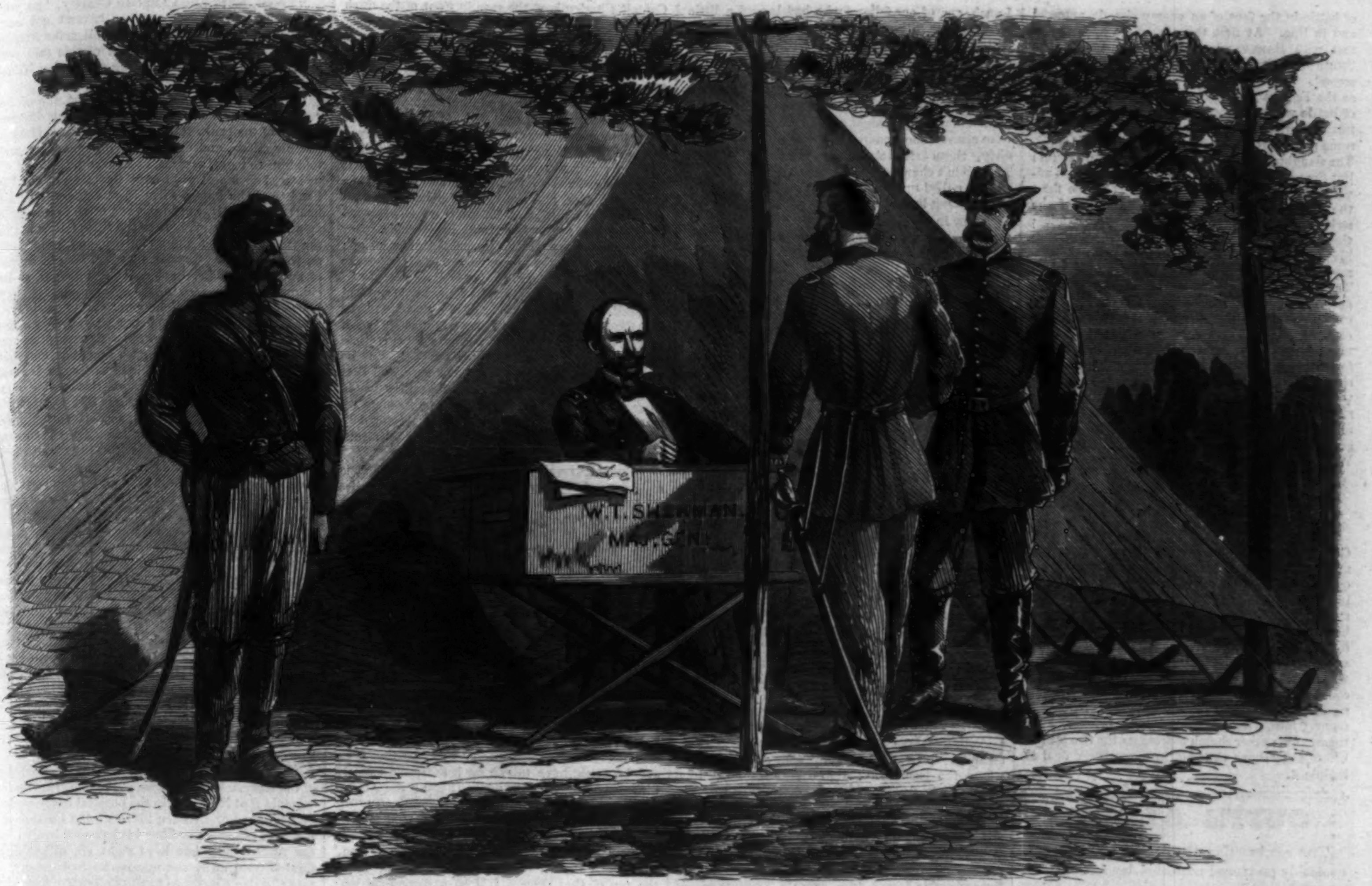
THE LATE GENERAL RUSSELL.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

GENERAL RUSSELL.

The late Brigadier-General David A. Russell, whose portrait we give above, was born in Washington County, New York. He entered the West Point Military Academy at an early age, graduating in July, 1845. He entered the army as Captain in the Fourth infantry, and until 1855 was engaged in operations on the Pacific coast. As Colonel of the Seventh Massachusetts he entered upon the present conflict, participating in the Peninsular campaign. For distinguished services in the battle of Williamsburg he was made a Brevet Major, and soon afterward a full Major in the Eighth infantry. When General Burnside became commander of the army Russell had been nominated for a Brigadier-Generalship, and the appointment was confirmed March, 1863. In the attack on Fredericksburg his brigade was engaged, and also in the battle of Gettysburg. It was in November, 1863, that General Russell took command of the First Division of the Sixth (Sedgwick's) Corps. With this command he was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, and lately in the important and decisive battles in the Shenandoah Valley. In the battle of September 19 he was killed. General Russell united to the accomplishments of a soldier the courtesy of a gentleman. He was noble in stature, heroic in action, and was beloved by his command.



THE LATE COLONEL GROWER.—Photographed by Fredericks.—[See next Page.]


W.T. SHERMAN.
MAJ. GEN.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S FLY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

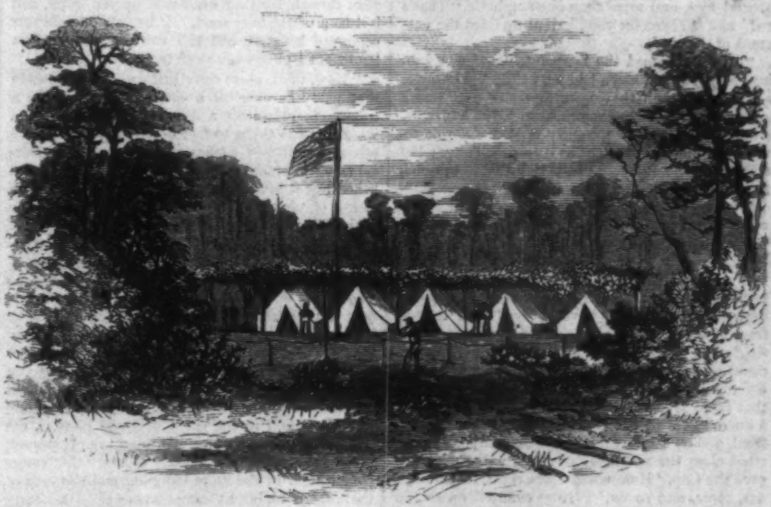
COLONEL GROWER.

THE late Colonel GROWER, whose portrait is given on page 652, and who was killed in the recent battle of Jonesborough, was a native of Brooklyn, New York. At the beginning of the war he held a responsible position in the Metropolitan Bank of this city; but his patriotism induced him to enter the ranks of the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, under Colonel LANSING. From Captain he was soon promoted to Major, and finally from Major to Colonel. After the term of the regiment expired he reorganized it, and was sent to the West. He had been severely wounded, yet he entered upon the new campaign under General SHERMAN with all his original enthusiasm. When his regiment was ordered to Decatur, Alabama, after SHERMAN'S expedition into Mississippi last winter, he commanded a brigade. In August, 1864, his command was ordered to the front, and formed part of the storming party which carried the enemy's works at Jonesborough. It was here, while leading his command in a spirited onset, that he was killed. Although only twenty-five years of age his rapid promotion indicated rare soldierly ability, which would have doubtless met still higher awards of honor had his life been spared. He has received, however, the highest award which the soldier ever asks, that of dying on the battle-field while fighting for his country's honor.

THE "GEORGIA."

WE give on this page a sketch of the Confederate Privateer *Georgia*, which was captured by Captain WYTHECOMBE, of the United States frigate *Niagara*, August 24, 1864. The *Georgia* is a screw steamer. Since it was employed as a belligerent vessel in the destruction of American commerce it has been sold to Mr. E. BATES, a ship-owner of Liverpool. Mr. BATES having purchased the ship she was chartered by the Portuguese Government to convey passengers between Lisbon and the African coast of the West Indies. She had been dismantled for this purpose, and was under orders from Lisbon, sailing under the British flag at the time of her capture by Captain WYTHECOMBE. The crew of the *Georgia* was landed at Dover, and the vessel itself sent to this country for the purpose of adjudication in a prize court.

ATLANTA.



VIEW OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

WE give on this page, and on pages 545 and 652, sketches of ATLANTA and the BATTLE OF JONESBOROUGH, together with a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS at Atlanta and a sketch of his FLY.

The two views of Atlanta given on page 645 represent different portions of the city, one of them being a view of the city as the spectator stands on Whitehall Street, and the other of Whitehall Street itself, which is the principal business thoroughfare of the city. The view from Whitehall shows the Georgia Railroad Bank. Off to the right is the Railroad Dépôt; and Trout House is visible in the distance. In the view of Whitehall Street itself the large corner building is one now used by the Twenty-third Corps as a hospital; it was formerly used by the rebel army as a signal-station. Atlanta has long been considered one of the principal centres of refinement in the South. A good proportion of its population was from the North.

The sketch on page 652 represents the charge of the Federal troops on the rebel works at Jonesborough, and the capture of a portion of the rebel army. This post was defended by HARDEE and LEE. DAVIS'S Corps, the Fourteenth, was the main force engaged in the attack. Generals CARLIN and MORGAN, whose portraits we gave last week, led the advance.

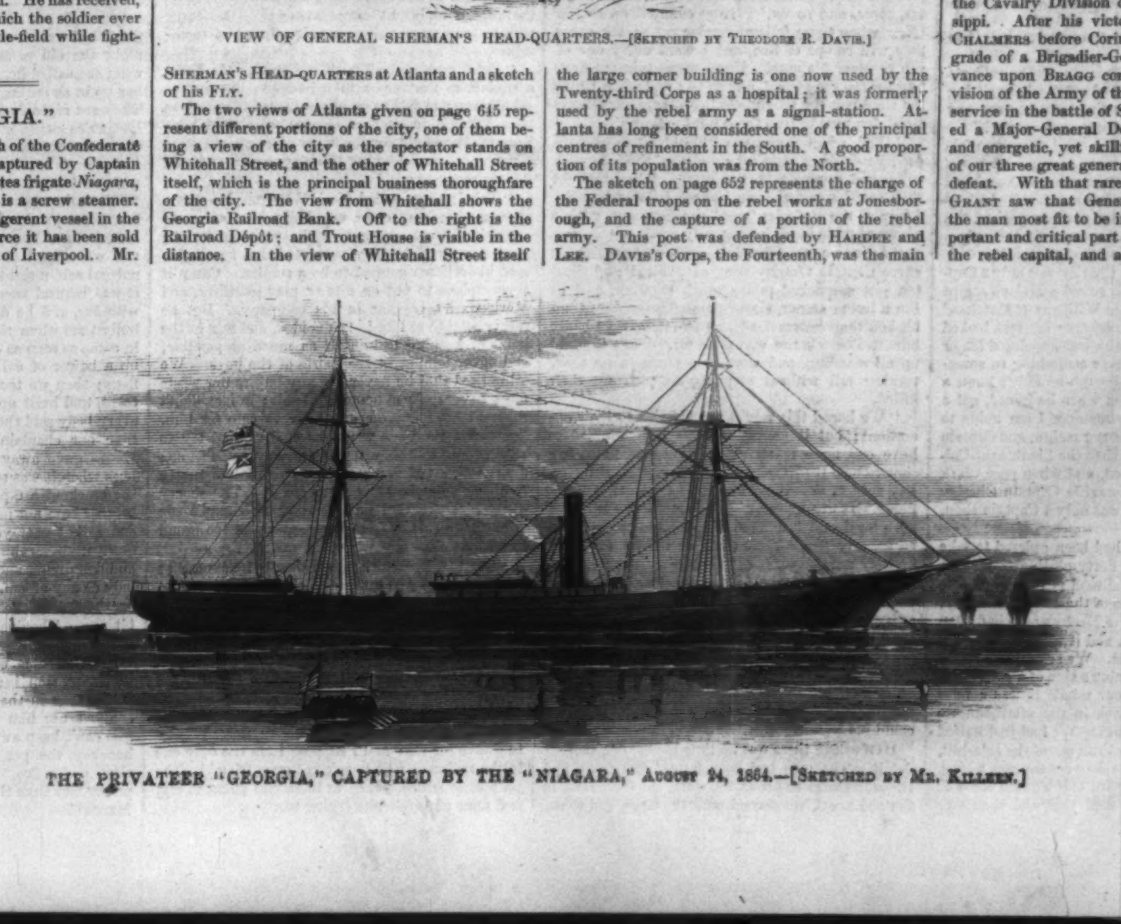
The two engravings on this page relate to General SHERMAN personally. One of them gives a view of the General's Head-quarters; the other represents him sitting at his "Fly," engaged in correspondence or other details of an official character.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

WE give on our first page a portrait of General PHILIP SHERIDAN, whose recent victories in the Valley of the Shenandoah have given us a foretaste of the glorious prospect awaiting the country of victory and peace. General SHERIDAN was born in Ohio in 1831 of Irish parentage. He graduated at West Point in 1853, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant, First Infantry. After two years' service at Fort Duncan, Texas, he was engaged in surveys in California for the Pacific Railroad, and was afterward one of the most prominent officers engaged in the adjustment of difficulties with the Indians in that vicinity. March 14, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in the subsequent year became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of the Mississippi. After his victory over the rebel General CHALMERS before Corinth he was promoted to the grade of a Brigadier-General, and in BUELL'S advance upon BRAGG commanded the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio. For distinguished service in the battle of Stone River he was appointed a Major-General December 31, 1862. Robust and energetic, yet skillful and cautious, he is one of our three great generals who has never met with defeat. With that rare instinct which never fails, GRANT saw that General PHILIP SHERIDAN was the man most fit to be intrusted with the most important and critical part of his combinations against the rebel capital, and appointed him to command the Middle Military Division of his army. The victories gained by SHERIDAN over EARLY in the week commencing September 19 are more important in their bearings than any series of operations since the war commenced.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

THE engraving on page 644 illustrates one of the most spirited actions, and certainly the most imposing spectacle of this war. It will be remembered that SHERIDAN, after having got the Sixth Corps across the Opequan, was compelled to wait full two hours for the arrival of the Nineteenth, and as a consequence of this to form an entirely new plan



THE PRIVATEER "GEORGIA," CAPTURED BY THE "NIAGARA," AUGUST 24, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY MR. KILLEEN.]

of battle in the face of an enemy already prepared and in line. At first the advantage appeared to rest with Early, whose fierce cannonade broke Sheridan's first line, and threatened to disturb his second. But this state of affairs changed as soon as the Federal artillery got in position. The line of battle was re-formed, and the conflict opened in terrible earnest. The two opposing armies were at some points not more than two hundred yards apart. The slaughter is described to have been truly awful; but the advantage rested now with Sheridan's advancing columns. At a critical point in the fight the cavalry bugle was heard above the din of the strife and the shouts of the contending armies; then followed the charge, led by such soldiers as Merritt and Custer and Torbert, upon the enemy's right. This decided the fortunes of the day. The movement was in accordance with Sheridan's deep-laid plan, and besides being the most magnificent of spectacles was also a most wonderful success. "The stubborn columns of Early's command," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "were forced to give way, and break before the fierce onslaught which our cavalry made upon them, who, with sabre in hand, rode them down, cutting them right and left, capturing 721 privates and non-commissioned officers, with nine battle-flags and two guns." Thus was fought and won the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

The two sketches on pages 648 and 649 relate to General Grant's campaign. The great Cattle Raid made by the rebel cavalry under General Hampton on the 16th of September, though not in itself of great importance, was yet, it must be confessed, a very mortifying incident of the campaign. About 2500 beeves were captured. These cattle were intended for the army north of the James especially, and were captured at Harrison's Landing. The attack was very bold, and in such force that our guards could make no efficient resistance. A force was immediately dispatched under Gregg to pursue the saucy "rebs," but did not succeed in overtaking them. The other sketch represents the two armies before Petersburg engaged in an artillery duel at midnight.

QUITE ALONE.

The continuation of this Serial Story is unavoidably postponed until this day fortnight.

COLONEL CHARLEY'S WIFE.

"Yes, they *are* a splendid pair! There's no discount on that. There ain't a braver man in the Army of the Potomac than Colonel Charley; and as for 'Mother Jane,' as the boys call her (because you see she's *like* a mother to us although she's only a chick in age compared to some of us), *she* deserves a fighting man for a husband, for she's just the gamest woman that ever *I* see. Tell you what, if you fellows had seen what she done one day when she pulled a party of us Forty-ninth boys out of the tightest place ever *I* was in (and that's saying something, too), you'd take your oath that she'd *ought* to be a soldier's wife."

Sergeant Blake was convoying a squad of new recruits for the Forty-ninth. They had got within the lines of the Army of the Potomac, and were making their last halt before joining the regiment at Falmouth. The Sergeant had just been greeted warmly by a noble-looking officer, who rode up while they were boiling their coffee, accompanied by a handsome woman with a pleasant brown face and short, thick, black curls, which made a glossy fringe for a bewitching little jockey-hat, whose jaunty scarlet feather, held in place by a silver eagle, gave her a military air charmingly in keeping with the martial surroundings. The lady had also greeted the Sergeant with great cordiality, while the officer, whose shoulder-straps marked him as a Colonel, addressed a hearty "Glad to see you, my lads!" to the admiring squad.

"Sergeant," said one of the men, as the subjects of the former's eulogy cantered off, the lady sitting her spirited bay mare with the greatest ease and grace, "would you mind telling us the story?"

"Well, I don't care if I do. It'll show you fellows what *you* may have to come to some day yourselves; and it'll teach you the value of keeping a stiff upper lip when you are hard pushed." And, as the Sergeant took up an easy position against the trunk of a huge pine-tree, the men lit their pipes and gathered around him to hear his story.

"Well, you see, Colonel Charley was only a Captain then; that day's work sewed a Major's straps upon his shoulders. Little Williams ('Matches,' the boys used to call him, because his legs looked like a couple o' lucifers), who was appointed Major because he was first cousin or something to somebody that had *influence*, although he didn't know a ramrod from a cartridge-box when he joined, got a hint shortly after the circumstance I am going to tell you about that he had better resign, and Captain Charley got the place, and then the Lieutenant-Colonel took sick and resigned, and when poor Clark got his finish at Chancellorsville Captain Charley got to be Colonel. But he was only a Captain then, as I told ye.

"You see, the Captain had been ordered to take two companies of the old Forty-ninth and make a reconnoissance down the railroad (I didn't tell you that we were guarding one of the Potomac fords); for it was said that a gang of Mosby's men had been seen in the neighborhood, and it was thought they were trying to cut the road. We scouted for about six miles down without seeing a sign of a grayback, and had about made up our minds it was a false alarm. About three o'clock in the afternoon we turned and started for camp. We had just halted to rest a bit at a spring that ran out of the side-hill, where the railroad makes a deep cut through a long, narrow ledge, when we heard half a dozen shots in our rear, followed by a loud yell, and then Gus Lynch, one of our fellows who had lagged a little behind, came kiting 'round the point of the hill as if the old boy had kicked him. Gus sung out as he came up, 'Look out boys, Mosby is after us full chisel!'

"We had barely time to obey Captain Charley's order to fix bayonets and form when the first of the ragamuffins hove in sight around the curve. There were about three hundred of 'em in all; and mean, dirty, sheep-stealin' looking rascals they were. They didn't charge on us right away, as we expected, but pulled up when they got in sight, probably not knowing how strong we were.

"Now in numbers they greatly overmatched us, for we had only about forty muskets all told. But we had much the best of them in our position. If we had expected them we couldn't have picked out a stronger place to make a stiff fight. Captain Charley saw this at a glance. It was, of course, impossible for us to retreat, for they, being mounted, could have ridden us down in a minute. But we could hold the cut easy enough.

"You see the cut was narrow—just wide enough for the track—and as luck would have it there was a pretty deep drain-way running across the line between us and the rebs, which was uncovered, and about fifteen feet over. It was easy enough to cross it on the trussels, but it was a stumper for a horse. Our rear was open, but we knew well enough that they couldn't get at us there without dismounting or riding several miles around, for the side of the ledge they were on was like a wall almost. But it was an ugly trap, after all; for if they couldn't get *in*, we couldn't get *out*; and if they could hold us there until night it would be pretty easy for them to swarm up the bank and pop us over from the top, while we couldn't get a sight at them at all. But we stood and made ready for 'em, and made up our minds to trust in Providence, and to charge them five graybacks for every blue-jacket they knocked over.

"And let me tell you, boys," said the Sergeant, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that this trust in Providence that the dominies tell about is no humbug, as you'll find out when you get under fire. A soldier may get kind of reckless and devil-may-care sometimes, from often looking death in the eye and escaping; but you may be sure that few men go in where the bullets fly, and the shells howl like blood-thirsty devils, and their comrades are struck down right and left, without feeling that they are in the hands of a merciful God. I tell you, comrades, there are no truer prayers spoken than those which go out from soldiers' hearts, though you may not see a movement of the close-shut lips along the lines of battle."

The Sergeant here paused to fill and light his pipe, while a solemn look fell upon the rough faces around him, and more than one emphatic "That's so!" and "Thrue for you!" went up from the veterans of the circle.

"Well," resumed the Sergeant, "as I was saying, Mosby's men had a bad job before 'em; worse, a good deal, than they were aware of. It was a good half-hour before they undertook to disturb us, although a couple of the dirty critters *did* ride toward the mouth of the cut as if to reconnoitre; but a shot or two sent them to the right-about in quick time. It was policy in us not to waste any powder, for we only had ten rounds apiece, so, although we might have picked off some of 'em as they stood, we just held our fire and kept our eyes peeled.

"By-and-by we could see that they were getting ready for a charge; so it was certain they didn't know any thing of the gully in the road, as it would have been madness to have charged with that in front of 'em. They came on first at a slow trot in single file, which was the best they could do, on account of the narrow track. Captain Charley had, before this, picked out ten of his best shots, boys that could take the spark out of a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards. This detail he now moved to the front, and on the further side of the gully. As they stood close the rebs couldn't see the ditch. Then says the Cap, 'Men, count from right to left, *one*, *two*, *three*, and so on.' They counted up to *ten*. 'Now when these fellows yonder get on the curve they will be out of line, and I want every one of you to cover his man. Number *one* take the first, number *two* the second, and so on; and when I give the word pelt the scoundrels.' So there our fellows stood, ten men to stop three hundred.

"Well, when they got within about three hundred yards of us they set up one of their devilish yells, and came on at hot jump. They thought they could stampede us; but we belonged to the Army of the Potomac," said the Sergeant, with a gleam of pride in his honest gray eye.

"As soon as they got well strung out around the curve Captain Charley sung out, 'Fire!' and those ten pieces cracked pretty much together, and, as I'm a living sinner, six of the Johnnies were tumbled off their horses dead, and two more were badly hurt. *That* charge was done for. They brought up all standing, and were in a panic in no time, turning tail without stopping to pick up their killed.

"We hoped this would put a finish to their operations; but it seems they were determined to have one more crack at us; and this time they showed us a trick that I never saw before, although I've read of something like it in accounts of Injun fights. It was a pretty 'cute dodge, and if it hadn't been for the ditch in front of us it would have fetched us, sure pop. They came on in the same way as they did before, but, just as they got fairly on the wind around the turn, we heard their officer sing out some order, and quick as a flash down went every man's head and the best part of his body behind his horse, so that they were pretty well covered by the necks of the animals. The thing was done so sudden and unexpected that it threw our fellows off their sight; and, although two or three horses were badly hurt, not a man, so far as we could judge, was hit.

"Of course there was no time to pick out another detail. The men had been formed four front, and the orders were to fire at the word, the front rank to fire and kneel, the second rank the same, and so on. Captain Charley kept the men in front of the ditch as long as it was safe, and then gave them the order to fall back, the ranks opening to let them pass to the rear. They all came off safe but one, Reuben Banks, who was shot dead by the rebel Captain. Well, of course as soon as our fellows jumped back the rebs saw the ditch, and the foremost of 'em pulled up sharp with a loud yell. But those in the rear came tearing on, and in a second the cut was jammed full of plunging horses and cursing men—and *such* cursing I never heard before nor since. It seemed to make the very air thick and blue. Now was our chance, and the way we pelted 'em with cold lead was a caution. 'Twasn't five minutes before the whole pack was running like hounds. Our fellows gave three rousing cheers as they went off; and felt good just then for any number of graybacks Mosby could send along.

"We now thought, most of us, that we had whipped them off for good and all, and wondered why Captain Charley didn't give us the order to fall in and march to camp, for we were by this time about used up and as hungry as wolves. But he was wiser than we were. He knew very well that they had got their *mad* up, and that they would hang on to us now for revenge. The moment we marched out of that cut we were doomed; our only safety was in that gully, and we must by all means cover that with our pieces.

"But it was certain that *something* must be done and very quickly. Our camp was only three miles off by the road. Some of us were sure that our firing must have been heard, and would bring out a rescue party; but Captain Charley thought that most likely the sound being pent up in the cut would prevent its reaching any distance, and the result proved that he was right. A man might be sent round by the road, and it was probable he could slip off without being seen by the Johnnies. But the best he could do he couldn't get to camp and a party get out to us in less than two hours, and it was now five o'clock. By seven it would be dark, and our flints would be fixed. Captain Charley was familiar with the ground, for he had often scouted over it, and he knew that a short cut along the crest of the ridge would carry a man to our lines in half an hour. The mischief of it was that a fellow couldn't get away without the rebs sighting him, and he would have to run for it sure, and trust to luck and his legs for his life. It was a risky thing for any man to attempt, but Cap determined to try it on. He first sent off a man by the road to take advantage of the chances of help coming in time that way; and then, says he to the boys, 'Men,' says he, 'I want a volunteer to go to camp along the top of that ridge. It'll be a dangerous job; for the man that does it will have to dodge bullets and to race with some of those rascals yonder: afoot though, for they can't ride up yon bank, and it'll be a pretty long start. If he gets off safe this command is saved, and if I can get him made a lieutenant I pledge my word to do it!

"Now, boys, there were just as brave fellows in that party as ever bit a cartridge, and yet for a minute there wasn't a foot budged. I tell you what, it's one thing to face death in company with other good men—*the touch of the elbow* is a wonderful thing to brace a man's heart—but when you are asked to cut loose from your comrades and make a target of yourself for you don't know how many bullets, it's no use talking; not many men *would* jump to do it. You'll read a good deal in the newspapers about 'gallant actions' and 'daring deeds' of individuals; but I tell you, boys—and it's no disgrace in an old soldier like me to own it—life is just as precious to a soldier as to any man, and he is no more eager to expose himself in cool blood to the danger of death than if he had never smelt gunpowder. I've seen things done *in action* that you would talk about as long as you live; but in a fight I hold that a man isn't himself. There is a kind of intoxication in the smell of burnt powder, the banging of the guns, the shout and tumult around, and, more than all else, a sense of *power* that comes over a man in the mere handling and sighting of that cold, hard, bright thing that can *kill*—that carry men on to do great things in spite almost of themselves.

"But I must get on with my story. As I was a saying, at first not a man budged; but just as we all began to feel so cruelly ashamed of ourselves that, I think, in another minute we should have been ready to fight for the honor of going, out steps a young fellow belonging to Company H, and said he was ready to go.

"This lad was called Mark Wilson. He was a slim, good-looking chap, who had never been considered of much account in the regiment. The truth was that the boys suspected that he considered himself too genteel to be a soldier. Camp is a poor place to put on airs or play gentility, and Mark wasn't popular in his company. But he rather seemed to like to be avoided, and was in the habit of keeping to himself as much as possible, and never joining in the sports of the boys. We all noticed that he never got any letters nor wrote any; never spoke of home or friends; in fact, didn't seem to have any, or any body to care for him. Sometimes the boys would be curious, and try to pump him; but they never got any satisfaction; and once or twice, when they pressed him pretty hard, he actually burst out crying. The theory about him was that he was some rich man's son who had run away from home, and was too proud to let his folks know where he was.

"Well, when Mark stepped out, I suppose at least a score of vets jumped to the front and wanted to go; but, to every body's surprise, Mark wouldn't back down. He insisted that, as he was first to volunteer, it was his *right* to go. The Cap says to him: 'Well, Mark, you're a plucky boy, and you certainly shall go if you wish it; but it seems to me you had better let me pick out a stronger and tougher man.' But the little chap wouldn't yield. He said, 'No, Captain. If I am killed I have nobody to grieve for me; and I suppose I am the only one in the regiment who hasn't got *some* friend.' The poor little fellow looked as if he was going to cry, and some of *us* felt like crying too.

"'Well, Mark,' said Captain Charley, 'go you shall; but you mustn't say you haven't got any friends. A brave boy like you will make friends every where, and if we come out of this safe you shall never want a friend as long as Charley Heming is alive.'

"There was a tree growing out of the side of the cut just a little ways back, and its top reached above the top of the bank. Captain Charley gave Mark a few directions, and handed him his revolver, and told him to be off as quick as he could. We all of us stared to see Mark, as the Captain put out his hand to shake hands, seize it, and press it to his heart, and kiss it, turning as red at the same time as a ripe strawberry. Then the little fellow ran to the tree, climbed it like a monkey, and jumped off on to the bank. Captain Charley, after a couple of minutes, couldn't keep quiet any longer, so he shinned up the tree too to take observations. 'They haven't seen him yet,' he sung out to us below. 'Ah! there come three of the scoundrels up the bank, and put after him. By George! the boy runs like a deer. He has got a fine start too; but one of the graybacked villains has got the longest legs, and gains on him. There, the leading man halts and fires his carbine. Curse it, he's hit; he's down. No, he only tripped, or fell on purpose. He's up and off again. But Long Legs is coming to close quarters. Ha! Mark wheels and gives Mr. Reb a barrel of his revolver; another. By Jove, he has tumbled him! And he don't get up. I guess he's done for, thank God! The other two have come up and stopped. The Captain now said nothing for another minute, and then he flung down his cap with a yell of delight, which was answered right heartily by us fellows below, for we knew before he said it that Mark had got off safe. The two graybacks didn't chase him any further, and soon returned to their command carrying the dead man with them.

"Well, the rebs stuck to us as long as they dared; but about six o'clock a rattle of musketry and a Union cheer told us that our men had come up and taken the rascals in the rear. There was a round or two, and then the cavalry skedaddled in every direction. Several were killed and wounded, and about forty taken prisoners. We got back to camp in high spirits about eight o'clock.

"And now, boys, I come to the most curious part of the story. As soon as we got in Captain Charley was told that Mark was in the hospital badly wounded. He had really been hit when the Captain saw him fall, the ball breaking his left arm badly; but the plucky chap had kept right on, although he fainted dead away the minute he had given Captain Charley's message to the Colonel. And when they came to dress his arm they found that they had a *woman* on their hands!"

"Sho!" "You don't say so!" "Holy Mother!" "Soh!" "Bully gal!" A chorus of ejaculations of astonishment arose from the many-blooded group as the Sergeant came to this *dénouement*.

"Yes, a woman; and, what's more, dead in love with Captain Charley. You see I heard the rest of the story from Jake Downing, who was nursing in the hospital at the time. It seems that when she came to, and saw she was found out, she cried fit to break any one's heart, and begged them not to expose her, and, above all, not to tell Captain Heming. They comforted the poor thing as well as they could, and promised to keep her secret for her. Before we got in she was delirious from the pain and excitement. It was while she was out of her head this way that they found out that she thought so much of the Captain. When he came in the surgeon thought best under all the circumstances to give him a hint of how matters stood, and he had the girl taken to a private house in the neighborhood, and nursed until she got well. It came out that she was the daughter of a farmer in Erie County, New York, and had a step-mother who was a perfect she-devil. Jane—for that was her name—and a brother, a little younger than herself, led the life of niggers. Finally, the boy ran away, enlisted, and was shot at Pea Ridge. The girl then had nobody left to care for, but she stood her step-mother's bad treatment as long as she could, until one night the old termagant beat her like a dog for what she called her 'impudence,' and actually shut her up in an outhouse, and kept her there all night. The next night Jane dressed herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, cut off her hair, and slipping out of the house, ran away. How she got into the Forty-ninth I never heard, but I know she *did* serve with us two years, and we never suspected her. Well, the upshot was that when Captain Charley found the plucky little girl had taken a fancy to him, and no blame to her—you saw him a bit ago—and when he found, too, that she was, when her natural self, a right pretty girl, and a *good* girl, too, it was natural enough that he should fall in love with *her*, and he did. I tell you, boys, we had a bully time when they got married, which they did in camp as soon as Jane got about again. We fixed up a bower of evergreens, and made it gay with flags; then we took the drums of the regimental corps, and built up an altar for the chaplain; and every body said they never saw a handsomer couple than our chaplain tied that day. Old General H—— gave away the bride, and he gave her a buss when it was over that the boys swore was like the crack of a 6-pounder rifle. Then we had the brigade band for music, and the jolliest spread and dance that ever you saw. We had lots of ladies down from Washington, and several officers' wives and daughters, and our Jane was just as much of a lady as any of 'em.

"That was the Colonel and his wife you saw a bit ago. They've got a nice place near Alexandria, and it's a regular soldiers' hotel. No fellow in the Union blue ever passes there without being hailed to stop in; and if one of the Forty-ninth gets astray in that neighborhood his own mother couldn't use him better than does Mother Jane. She can't keep away from camp long, though; and her boy, the pet of the regiment, has learned to sleep under fire. The boys would rather see her pretty face than the paymaster's any day. Fall in! March!"

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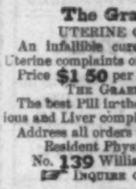

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